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Looking Forward

ORDINARILY, letters of protest—of which most journals, including this one, receive a great many—are distinctly a sign of vitality and growth. No one ever disagrees with a dull man. Ideas are provocative. And particularly stimulating to discussion are articles dealing with things close at hand, instead of with affairs in Tibet or Pernambuco.

RECENTLY, however, this magazine has been in receipt of letters which state, as if it were a fact, that the Outlook and Independent is running Fleta Campbell Springer's biography of Mrs. Eddy as an "attack" on Christian Science or somehow as an "exposé" of Mary Baker Eddy.

NOTHING COULD BE farther from the truth. This magazine has not the slightest quarrel with Christian Scientists or with Christian Science. In no sense do we regard Mrs. Springer's biography as one of the "debunking" variety. Instead we consider it as a sincere and artistic attempt on Mrs. Springer's part to reproduce as faithfully as possible Mrs. Eddy's life as a human being.

IT IS TRUE that such an attempt must inevitably be founded on the writer's own point of view. All estimates of human beings necessarily partake of the quality of the glasses through which they are viewed. But for that reason to consider Mrs. Springer's work as an "attack" or an "exposure" is to misunderstand the attitude this journal takes toward life, and Mrs. Springer's own attitude in writing her book.

PARTICULARLY mistaken is the view that because a biography of Mrs. Eddy is printed in our pages, Christian Science itself is attacked. This journal makes no attack upon the religion of any man. Mrs. Eddy was one of the most remarkable women who ever lived. To read her life, as written by Mrs. Springer, is to have an experience which leads inevitably to consideration of spiritual values and the human soul.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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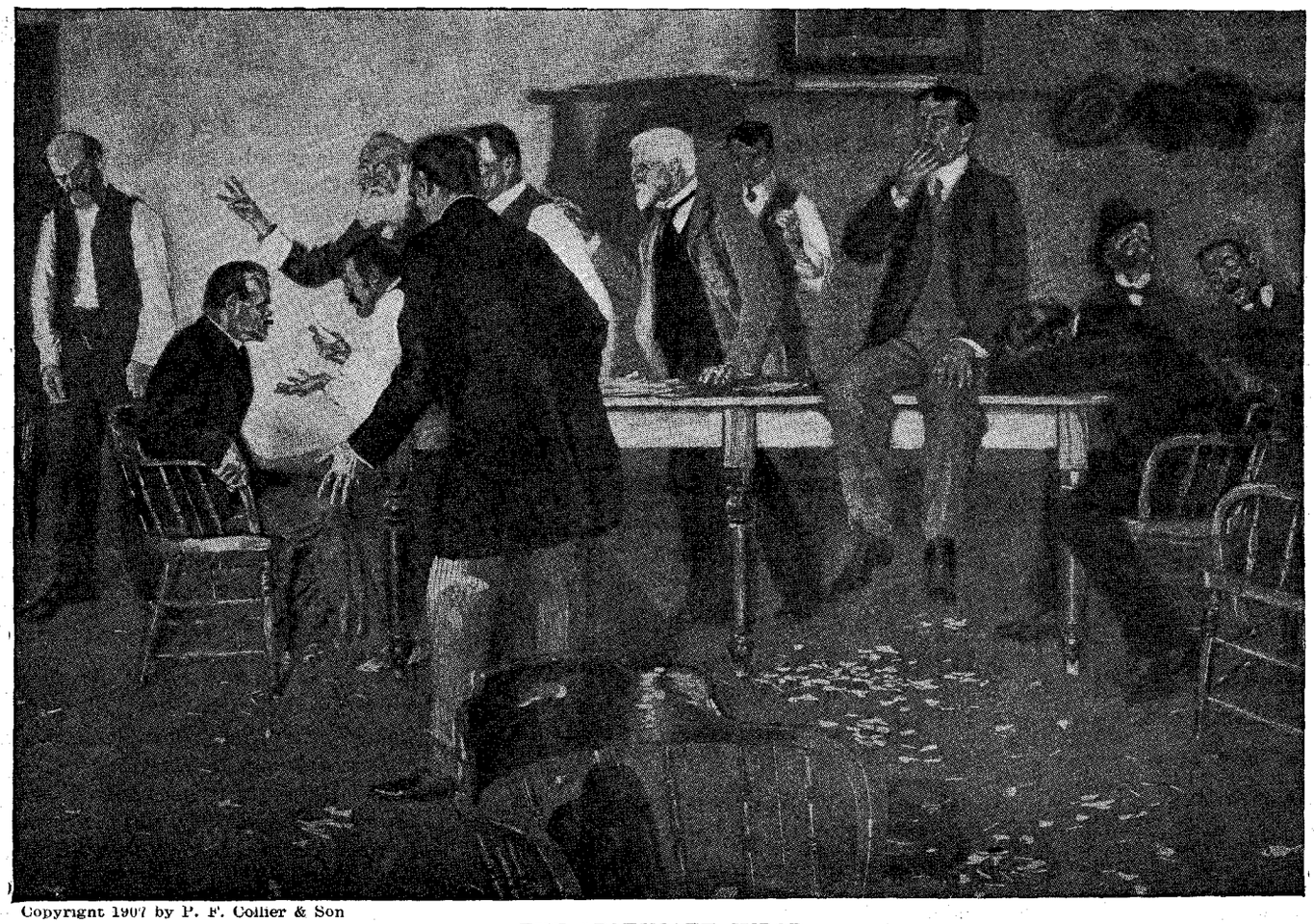

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THE OBSTINATE JUROR
A drawing by Orson Lowell

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Outlook
and Independent

December 18, 1929

We Serve on a Dry Jury

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

The author was called from his editorial duties recently to serve on a jury hearing prohibition cases in United States District Court in Brooklyn. It seemed to the Editors that his experiences and observations should be set down, since they throw considerable light on the present effectiveness of the Volstead Act

OFFICER! Did you *see* the defendant sell a drink? No sir, I did not. . . . Defendant! What were you doing behind the bar? Serving rye whiskey to those two men? No sir! I was fixing the radio. . . . Witness! It is testified you were in the cellar where the still was operating; who was the owner? I don't know, sir. I'm a carpenter. A man met me in the street and asked me to fix a door; I don't know his name, and I never seen the still. . . . Officer! You searched the premises from cellar to garret. State how much liquor you found. Well, sir, I only found two bottles of wine and a half pint of whiskey.

Thus for two weeks, unending and monotonous, moved the procession of witnesses upon whose testimony depended the enforcement of the Volstead Act. Most of us on the jury, having sworn to weigh the evidence without regard to our personal views, could soon foretell entire phrases of the testimony. Stock excuses had been worn threadbare before three days had passed. Witnesses for the government had demonstrated their complete lack of interest in the prosecution of prohibition cases. Innumerable city policemen, and an occasional prohibition agent, had recited stock phrases like automatons. They had made their raids and their arrests. Did the Federal Government expect them to present evidence which would lead to convictions? The district attorney gesticulated and roared and brought forth:

Q. Officer, what did you see in the place?

A. Tables and chairs, glasses, some men drinking, a bottle of whisk—

Defense Lawyer: I object; there is nothing to show it was whiskey.

District Attorney: What did you see in the bottle?

A. An amber-colored fluid.

Q. You tasted it?

A. I tasted and smelled it.

Q. You are familiar with the taste and odor of whiskey?

A. Yes, sir, for twenty years.

District Attorney. That's all.

Defense Lawyer: Officer, did you see any one sell a drink?

A. No sir.

Q. How much whiskey did you find?

A. One quart, behind the bar.

Q. As far as you know, this defendant did not own it?

A. I don't know who owned it. He said he was the porter. He was sweeping up.

Q. Did you try to locate the owner?

A. No sir.

It was difficult, almost impossible, to believe that a branch of the United States District Court was in session or that these men and women were being charged with violation of the nation's fundamental law. At the opening of court, each day, twenty or more defendants entered pleas of guilty. Once or twice we were shocked out of boredom by the imposition of a heavy fine or a jail sentence. Occasionally the jury would bring back a verdict of guilty. Yet an air of unreality persisted. Instead of "giant stills," the testimony concerned quarts of bootleg liquor. Here was no evidence describing "rum rings" with vast fleets of ships and radio stations. We heard of no millionaires, no master minds, no financing of large-scale operations by respectable banks. The people who shambled before this bar of justice were shabby individuals. At the worst, they ran cheap speakeasies. The district attorney was doubtless doing his best. The Judge was scrupulously fair in so far as I could see. The jurors, most of them in violent disagreement with the Volstead Act, made every effort to draw a thread of truth from the tangled skeins of evidence.

At best it was unconvincing. Often it was ludicrous. The majesty of law became grotesque with the mumbo-jumbo of men reciting phrases. It became grotesque under a deluge of trivialities. Consider, for example, a trial which took place on my fourth day of jury duty. Six cases had already been dismissed by the court for lack of evidence. The seventh was that of a small, confused Italian whom I shall call Antonio. The indictment, as read to the jury, specified that Antonio's restaurant had been raided and that certain bottles of red wine had been found. The police officer who had made the arrest swore that he had seen tables and chairs, that he had obtained samples of the wine. A chemist testified that the wine had contained more than the legal percentage of alcohol. Thereupon Antonio was called to the

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stand to testify in his own defense.

First, however, his attorney addressed the Court. What was there to show, he asked, that Antonio was the owner of the place? The Court agreed that there was nothing. It was obvious that the case might be dismissed without going to the jury. The attorney turned confidently to his client. Were you the owner? Antonio said nothing, and it then became known, for the first time apparently, that he understood no English. It also appeared that the only interpreter present was the policeman, also an Italian, who had made the arrest. He was pressed into service and translated the defense attorney's question: Was the defendant the owner of the alleged speakeasy.

Antonio's face brightened. "Sure!" he said.

The Court suppressed a smile. The district attorney looked troubled "Your Honor," he said, "he seems an honest man. The truth is that the Government's case is not very strong." The Court nodded. "Tell him," he directed the policeman-interpreter, "not to do it again. Case dismissed."

The story is pertinent, not because it has elements of humor, but because it illustrates certain things about the procedure in prohibition cases which surprised me. I had been told that convictions for violation of the dry law were impossible on the Atlantic seaboard, that jurors would pay no attention to the evidence. I found, on the contrary, a conscientious effort on the part of all concerned—with the exception of the defendants—to arrive at a just disposition of cases. Antonio was an exception, and the fact that he was obviously telling the truth would unquestionably have brought an acquittal had the jury been required to decide. There was unanimous approval of the action of the Court in letting him go.

THERE were sixty jurors on that dry panel, and I think I talked with most of them during my two weeks of service. From these conversations I gathered: first, that they would convict if the evidence of guilt was clear; second, that nearly every juror hoped to heaven that the evidence would not be clear. Even the ardent wets among us forced ourselves to vote guilty on the rare occasions when the Government presented convincing evidence. Even the two or three drys among the sixty talesmen viewed the testimony of patrolmen and prohibition agents with suspicion. All of us felt no compunction where the evidence indicated (the law did not permit such evidence to be introduced directly) that extremely bad or poisonous liquor had been found.

I do not mean that we failed, for a moment, to draw a sharp line between prohibition law violations—the only cases we heard—and other crimes. I suppose that the obscure phrase, "guilty beyond a reasonable doubt" was half-unconsciously translated in our minds into "guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt." I do not mean, either, that absurdities did not go on in the jury room. There were gaping flaws in our logic. We often failed to comprehend vital portions of the evidence. I do insist, however, that the talesmen on that panel made every effort to approximate justice, and succeeded amazingly well. With a few exceptions we were resentful that our time had been taken to enforce a law which now appeared more unenforceable than ever. I came away, however, with new respect for the maligned jury system.

A panel on which I did not serve demonstrated mature wisdom, for instance, in judging Jennie and Mary, two young women of foreign extraction and uncertain background. Complaints had been received by the city police, it appeared, regarding a resort in a not-too-prosperous part of town. Two patrolmen had raided the place and had arrested Jennie and Mary, who were sisters. A charge filed in the state court, apparently of prostitution, had been dismissed. Now one of the patrolmen testified, very smugly and smoothly, that he had been served an intoxicating drink. He was far too self-satisfied to make a good witness; I found later that the jurors had been irritated by his manner. There were, however, few flaws in his story. One of the sisters had sold him a bottle of wine for $1, he said. Then he had ordered, and been served, another bottle. While he drank, both girls had been sitting at a table with him. Thus both were culpable of violating the Volstead Act.

My own feeling was that the girls had undoubtedly sold the wine, and I was relieved when the jury promptly returned an acquittal. Why had it done so? The juryman of whom I asked the question looked at me a shade suspiciously. What else, he demanded, would have been right? Hadn't the cop given the girls the come-on? Hadn't he tried to make them commit a far more serious offense? Besides, he was just as bad as they were. He had consumed *two* bottles of wine!

Under the flood of prohibition litigation the Federal courts, once tribunals vested with dignity, have become police courts. This is why sixty talesmen were constantly held for the entire two weeks. It takes from forty minutes to two hours to try the average prohibition case. As soon as one jury has heard the evidence, and has departed for deliberation, another is called into the box. In this way two or three cases can be kept moving at the same time. Yet the efforts to make speed are largely futile. In most cases, I am told, the district attorney has not seen the papers in the case until they are handed to him in court. He must hurriedly digest the evidence, and conduct his examination as best he can. Defendants frequently appear without counsel. Then an attorney has to be assigned, and still more delays take place while he confers with his suddenly acquired client in a corner of the court room. All the while the pressure of new cases is unending. The calendar was crowded every single morning.

This was a Federal court. Presumably the city police had nothing whatever to do with enforcement, inasmuch as the state had repealed its own prohibition law. I expected, therefore, to see long lines of prohibition agents waiting to take the stand. I expected to hear stories of wholesale distribution of liquor, of rum cargoes seized on the high seas by the brave and quick-shooting members of the Coast Guard. To my surprise I did not see a single prohibition agent until the fifth or sixth day. During the entire two weeks not more than three or four out of the scores of cases were based on the testimony of Federal agents. There were, I recall, not more than a half dozen cases in which the sale of so much as a solitary glass of wine was charged. The best the Government could do was to make accusations of possession with the presumption of intent to sell. The average haul in a raid consisted of a few bottles of whiskey or a half dozen bottles of red wine.

This astonished the jurors, as it certainly astonished me, more than any other revelation during the two weeks. One knew that the Republican Party stood for strict enforcement, that it had a majority in Congress with power to

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make any necessary appropriation, that its President was on record in favor of prohibition. Yet the Prohibition Department, whose officials are removable at will by President Hoover, was permitting the local authorities of a notoriously wet, Democratic city to make ninety per cent (my figure is based solely on my personal experience as a juror) of the arrests. The witnesses against these defendants were, in nearly every case, members of the city police force. Their superiors had received complaints. The arrests had been duly made, the liquor seized. But the police had not the faintest interest in the disposition of the cases.

"Are Patrolmen Murphy and Tonmarini in Court?"

Repeatedly the bailiffs took up some such cry. So frequently as to become monotonous, the patrolmen were not present. During the first day or so, the judge adjourned such cases to a later date. Finally he lost patience; thenceforth defendants were discharged when the Government did not have its witnesses. This occurred, on the average, five or six times every day. I turned to a young patrolman, waiting to be called to the stand, and asked him why his brother officers were not present.

"Hell, we can't be everywhere at once," he said. "We've got other work. Why should we hang around here all day because some fanatics passed a damned fool law."

The district attorney could, of course, have subpœnaed these officers. Other witnesses were required to be present. He did not do so, presumably, because this would have aroused still more resentment on the part of the police. Without their aid, enforcement would rest solely upon Federal agents, of whom merely a handful had been assigned to the city. Then the pretense of enforcement would have halted entirely. So it appeared, at least, to those of us who sat on that panel, having solemnly sworn to disregard our personal beliefs, to accept the solemn responsibility of jury duty.

We soon concluded that the city police had no desire to offer an adequate case for the prosecution, that they had no interest in bringing witnesses to corroborate their stories. But when two prohibition agents appeared to tell of a speakeasy raid in an outlying section of town it became clear that their evidence was worse, if anything, than that of the police. The defendant had been arrested in a bar room where one pint of whiskey had been found, together with several barrels of beer. So testified the first agent. His partner swore he had seen the whiskey and the beer, and had also found receipted brewery bills showing the defendant to be the owner of the place. He sat back for cross-examination.

No, he conceded, he had not shown the bills to his partner. No, he could not remember the name of the brewery. No, he did not have the bills in court. No, he had not taken them from the bar room. Why not? Well, he had never thought of doing so. But they constituted the sole evidence in proof of the Government's contention that the defendant was the owner of the place? Here the agent squirmed and nodded. Then he left the stand. The defense counsel, summing up as the case went to the jury, dwelt upon this remarkable state of affairs. The acquittal was a matter of minutes only.

Illustration by John Held, Jr. in "Drawn from the Wood," compiled by Frank Shay (Macaulay)

My respect for the jury system, as it applies to prohibition cases, increased because I found a universal determination to ignore the technicalities of the law. Our philosophy was doubtless confused; in attempting to analyze it I am forced to this conclusion. Those of us who pondered the ethics of an impossible situation did no small amount of troubled thinking during those two weeks. Here we were, summoned for jury duty. No excuses were accepted. We were asked by the Court, on the first day, whether our objections to the Volstead Act were such that *under no circumstances* could we vote to convict. I can only speak for myself, of course, although I have an excellent notion of what my fellow sufferers thought. I could not protest that I would be unable to convict in the face of all evidence, in the face of every possible circumstance.

Our solution, then, was to ignore the evidence in many cases and to argue among ourselves as to the probable mo-

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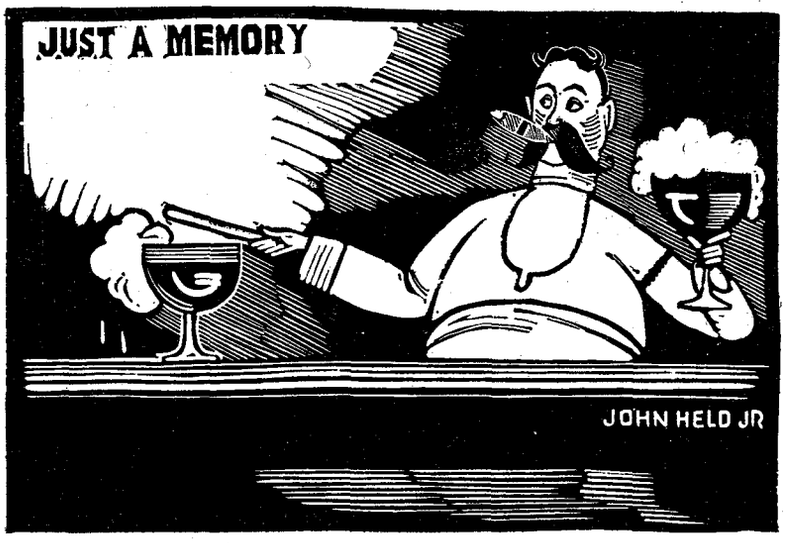
tives of the defendants. It happened once or twice that the defendant was obviously a man earning his living by the illicit sale of liquor. Once or twice the Government offered an unimpeachable case. Then we convicted. On the other hand, the district attorney prosecuted several cases in which, as we saw it, the guilt was merely technical. The defendant was doubtless guilty, but he had profited little or not at all by his guilt. Then we promptly acquitted. Such a case was that of a German restaurant keeper. We shall know him as Otto.

Otto had been in the United States for thirty years. First he had been a waiter. He had saved his money and ten years ago, immediately after the start of Volsteadism, he had bought his own small restaurant. He had prospered and had moved into a larger one. Now he faced the usual Government accusation; possession of liquor with the presumptive intent to sell. Two patrolmen told of eating lunch at the restaurant and of persuading a waiter to sell two drinks of rye whiskey. The restaurant had then been searched and two bottles of claret (no whiskey at all) had been found. One of the patrolmen offered in evidence the luncheon check which included an item of $1.25 for "ginger ale." Taking the stand in his own defense, Otto admitted that the whiskey had been sold but insisted that the waiter had served it without his knowledge. As for the claret it had been purchased for his wife. Otto offered to show medicinal authorization, but the district attorney declined to look at the permit.

Under the questioning of his attorney, Otto told a convincing enough story. Waiters were always doing a little bootlegging on the side, he said. He had discharged one for doing so only a few weeks before. His restaurant was a respectable place, patronized by the business men of the district. It was not a roadhouse or a night club. When the jury retired to consider the case, however, the puzzling matter of the item for ginger ale remained without satisfactory explanation. The district attorney had emphasized it to prove that Otto really knew about the sale, had profited from it. Otto's own statement that $1.25 was his usual price for two bottles of ginger ale did not seem plausible. The jury sensed the possibility that he had not told the whole truth. Yet it took only a few minutes to vote acquittal. Why? In the first place because his restaurant was obviously a decent place. An occasional drink might be sold, but it could not be classified as a speakeasy. In the second place the patrolmen had not arrested the waiter accused of selling the drink. The jury felt that it might not have heard the full truth from Otto. It knew it had not been given all the facts by the Government.



WITHIN THE LAW
As interpreted by John Held, Jr. in "Drawn from the Wood."

Another such case was that of Pietro, the owner of an Italian bakery. On the night of May 29, 1929, deposed the accusing patrolman, he had visited Pietro's place after complaints had been received by his superiors. The Government's witness was vague as to whether Pietro ran a restaurant or store. A larger front room contained a table or two. In the rear was a large oven and an ice-box in which had been found food and a solitary bottle of red wine. At this point Pietro appeared from the apartment where he lived upstairs and willingly granted permission to have the place searched. In the cellar were eleven or twelve gallons of wine.

"You see," said Pietro confidently upon taking the stand (I shall not attempt to reproduce his Italian-American dialect), "you see, my wife is sick. The doctor, he ordered a glass of wine after every meal. I am a baker. I bake Italian cake, hot cake."

"Your wife needs that much wine?" asked the district attorney.

Pietro nodded violently.

"Come, come. The fact is that you serve wine with the Italian cakes you bake and your customers sit at the tables, eat the cakes and drink the wine. Isn't that so?"

Pietro shook his head violently.

"It is true, isn't it, that the cakes must be eaten hot?"

The artist in Pietro welled to the surface. "No good unless eaten hot," he said emphatically.

"And a glass of wine would go well with them?"

Pietro grinned and was about to answer, but his attorney was already on his feet and was gesticulating at the district attorney.

"A glass of wine would go well with a ham sandwich," he protested, while the court room laughed in approval.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," warned the Court. The case was then given to the jury. Did the jury believe the wine was for sale or for Pietro's own use? That was the only question. Now they might retire.

A bailiff raised his hand and swore that no one would be permitted to approach us during our deliberations. We filed out of the box and down the corridor into a small room. The doors were closed and we were left alone. Somehow no group is so completely a cross-section of typical American men as a jury. One was prosperously well-tailored and held himself slightly aloof. Another was the superintendent of a neighborhood apartment house. A third was the manager of a chain-store grocery shop. Two of the twelve were retired business men, who always predominate on every jury. I noticed that they agreed to serve two weeks longer when the rest of us were dismissed; they had nothing else to do. Few among the twelve had much in common unless it was disapproval of prohibition. On this basis we were brothers. With one exception, it appeared, we were unanimous in believing that Pietro was

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Noise Costs More Than Fire

By HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

The cost of unnecessary noise—in wear and tear upon human nerves and in depreciation of real estate—may be greater than the nation's fire losses. Eventually this will be unlawful as it is now senseless. A large percentage of the din in factories and on city streets is avoidable. The author speaks with authority. Although chiefly known as the inventor of the Maxim Silencer, his researches have gone much further. He is frequently consulted on the elimination of noise in great industrial plants

THE CONTROL OF noise has come to be one of the major problems confronting civilization. Each advance in mechanical facilities has been accompanied by an advance in noise. Each increase in density of population has created an increase in congestion of facilities, and this congestion has reached a point in our large cities where the human nervous system is no longer able to bear the noise load.

The average health in our large centers is declining, especially among the working classes. Residential real estate values have already declined very seriously in many localities. Transportation difficulties have grown enormously, because so many of us seek to have our homes where it is quiet, and this entails ever increasing traveling from home to work. The economic loss, direct and indirect, on account of noise has been growing steadily. Figures which would show actual facts are impossible to compile. We probably do not need them, for they no doubt would show that conditions were merely a little worse or a little better than we estimate. The estimates which have been made are the results of observations by a great many persons over a period of years, and it is very likely that they are near enough to the facts for all practical purposes. One of these estimates indicates that noise is costing us more than fire. We know what fire costs from our insurance data, and if noise costs more, then it is costing us a great many hundreds of millions of dollars per annum.

In passing, it should be said that there certainly is a place for hospitals of silence where persons injured by noise or needing rest from noise, may have quiet. The writer believes they will come into existence in due time. These silence sanctuaries will be noise proof buildings, capable of checking the entrance of noise from outside, and also of silencing noises originating within the building itself. The writer wonders how long it will be before some forward looking American who can afford to do so, will come to the front and provide the first sanctuary for noise victims.

Great difficulty is encountered in determining what noises are offensive and what not offensive. An example is one of the writer's experiences from real life:

The telephone rang one morning in my office and the plant engineer of a large manufacturing concern in a neighboring city wanted to know if there was any way I could help him out of a very serious noise trouble. He had an air compressor with a twelve inch diameter intake that was creating a lot of noise in the neighborhood, and the police had given him three days to stop the noise or shut down the compressor. He was advised that my company made Maxim Silencers for just this sort of trouble, whereupon he wanted to know how quickly he could get one. He was told that we carried them in stock and that he could have one whenever he wanted it. He expressed amazed delight, and placed an order on the spot and arranged for motor truck shipment immediately.

Some months later I happened to pass this particular plant and I decided to look up my silencer and see what there might be to be learned. The plant engineer welcomed me with open arms. He recited how I had got him out of an awful trouble with the police of the city and his superiors, and then proceeded substantially as follows: Why should such a serious situation arise over the noise made by his air compressor and so suddenly? He had been employed in the plant for eighteen years. The air compressor was there when he came. For over eighteen years, to his personal knowledge, there had been no complaint. Then, all of a sudden, the complaints began coming in. When none of the things he had been able to do gave any relief, the police had entered the picture, had set a date after which he must either stop the noise or shut down the compressor. Why was it, he propounded, that the noise should suddenly become intolerable?

The answer is, of course, that the public standard of living had changed. What was acceptable yesterday is intolerable today. Thus we encounter the fact that conditions exist which are not susceptible of mathematical treatment and classification, when we come to determining what noises are offensive to the normal ear and what are not.

Years of living with the noise problem have made it evident that the element of periodicity has something to do with whether a noise is offensive or inoffensive. The periodic beats of a large engine exhaust and the periodic thump of an air compressor intake, even though they may not amount to noises of any intensity, invariably excite the normal nervous system.

The continuous murmur of a fan blower, if it is not too loud, or the even hum of city traffic do not appear to excite nervous reactions. Let one particular noise, however, rear its head above the average hum, thereby becoming separately detectable, and immediately the effect is to set up nervous excitement, especially if this noise is recurrent.

Following along the path indicated by these determinations we encounter the next condition that appears to have a place in an analysis. It seems that the noises of our modern cities are not nerve-wearing under all conditions. For one example, in hurrying along a street, the average person appears sometimes to be stimulated by the noise that under other circumstances would be harrowing. Per contra, sitting in a subway train, and possibly still bent upon an errand, the harsh grinding noises of the driving gearing and the brakes and the roar of reflected noises from the walls of the subway, create a very serious nervous load.

Again, the very noises which acted as a stimulant when walking in the street are nerve wearing in the office, even though they are of very much reduced magnitude. If conversation is involved under these conditions, the nerve load is tremendously augmented. Some

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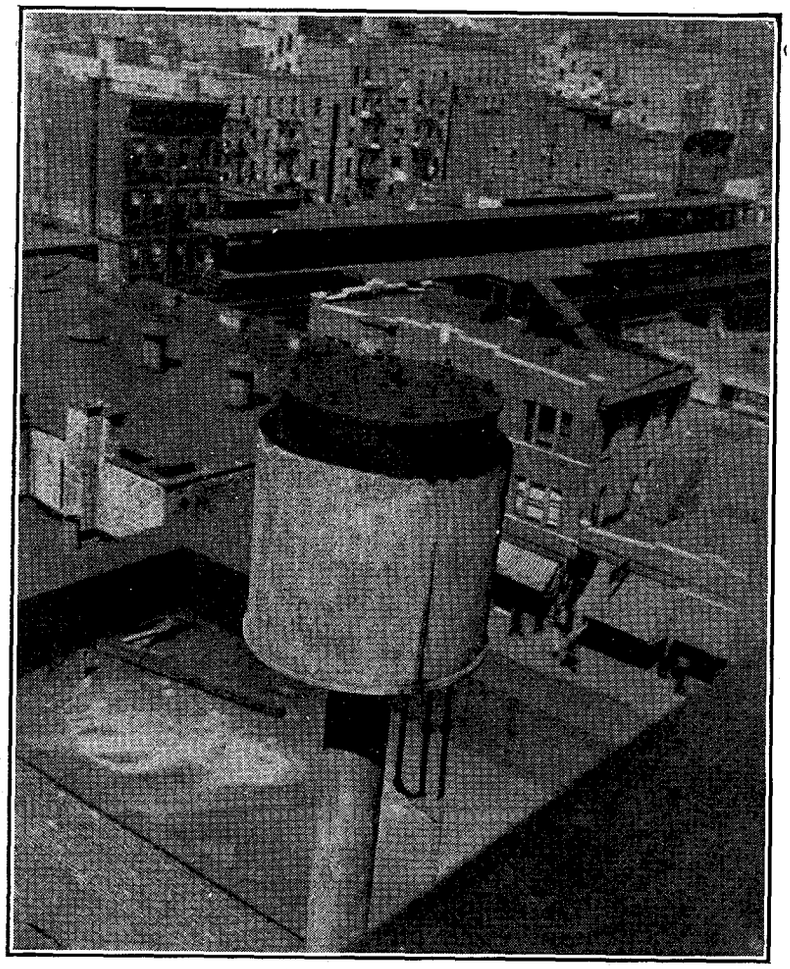
persons become excited and highly irritable if noise interferes with the easy understanding of speech. This betokens great nervous load, if not overloading.

Thus we are led to surmise that the street itself may be noisy, provided the noise does not reach into those places in which we work, we reside, we sleep, we converse or we do anything, in fact, that is removed from those activities which are characteristic of street life. From this we are led to infer that at least one correction would be the preventing of outside noises from gaining an entrance into our abodes.

Preventing noise from gaining entrance leaves out of consideration the question of silencing the noise at its origin. Obviously, were we to silence all offensive noises at their points of origin, we should not be called upon to check their entrance to our abodes. An investigation of this angle of the problem discloses more fundamentals which compel recognition. For example, the terribly wearing rat-a-tat-tat of the riveting hammer cannot be silenced at its origin, at least by any practical means. Were we to build a silencer around the hammer, and even around the man who operates it, and even around the man who inserts the hot rivet and holds the "dolly," we should still have the noise that radiates from the steel work that is being rivetted. The blows which the hammer strikes create a noise throughout the whole structure which is receiving the blows. The only way to eliminate the hammering noise is to eliminate the hammer. Squeezing rivets may be done in some places and electric welding may also be done.

This, therefore, is a noise which it is practicable to eliminate only by abandoning the existing system of fastening the elements of a steel structure.

On the other hand, we have the awful grinding noise of the average street car, and the terrible pounding noise of steel wheels on badly jointed steel rails, switches and crossings. These noises do not require the abandonment of the existing system. They may all be very materially reduced by insisting upon the removal of badly worn pinions and gears in the car, and a better maintenance of rail joints, switches and crossings. Street cars, in other words, need not necessarily be noisy. We have all ridden in some street cars which are delightfully smooth running and quiet.



An engine exhaust in a thickly settled neighborhood. Note the probable number of persons whom this silencer protects

Next in our analysis we are confronted by a noise which is similar to the street car noise, but far more easy to handle. This is the really unpardonable noise made by many of the motor trucks on our streets. This noise comes principally from the very ineffective mufflers on the truck engine exhausts, or indeed, from no muffler at all. A very low standard of maintenance seems to be conventional in motor trucking circles. This has caused the motor truck to be the second worst offender, being second only to the street car. There is no necessity for the motor truck being any more noisy than the motor car. The exhaust can be made entirely inoffensive by the simple expedient of using effective silencers on the exhaust, and by using a less noisy drive system than the old fashioned side chains. The latter have been very bad noise makers, but already they have been discarded in the newer designs of trucks. It is only the old trucks that now use side chain drive.

The next noise which confronts us is that made by some motor buses. Not all buses offend, but enough of them do to make it necessary to turn our critical glance upon them. This noise is one that until recently has not been understood. The writer encountered it years ago and ran it to its lair. It is worth going into in detail, since a better understanding of it may assist toward its elimination.

The motor bus was originally provided with the conventional muffler of the large motor car. However, the bus is a very much longer vehicle than the longest motor car. This calls for a much longer pipe from the muffler to the final discharge into the air, or a longer pipe from the engine to the muffler. It so happens that a long pipe "sharpens" a noise wave. A perfectly innocent and unoffending noise wave traversing a long pipe will issue from the pipe an intensely offensive sharp "crack." This effect is caused by the skin friction offered by the walls of the pipe. The wave form is changed by this friction, and a wave which started out with a low amplitude and a very gradual sloping front and rear is altered into a wave with a very high amplitude and immensely sharp front and rear. The steepness of this wave and its height are what causes the sharp "crack" noise. When such a wave enters the atmosphere it is easy to understand how it creates a very intense disturbance. When a low wave with a long smooth and gradual slope each

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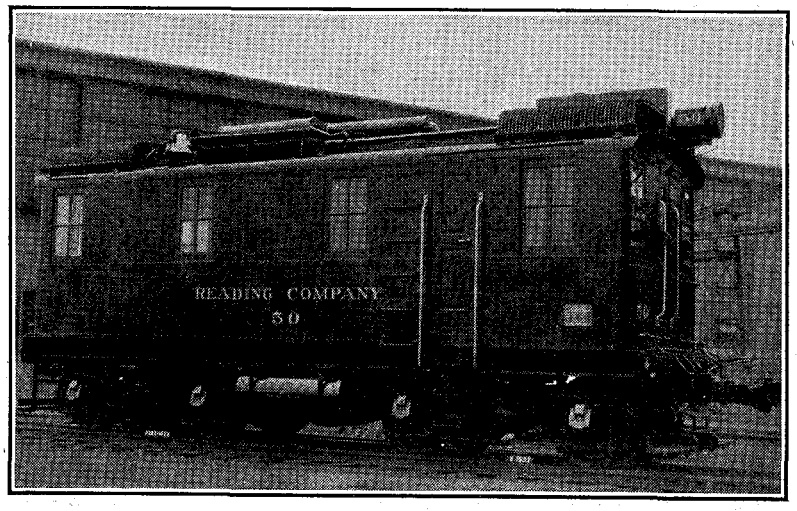
side of the crest enters the atmosphere it is easy to understand how it creates little or no disturbance.

To overcome this sharpening effect it is necessary either to locate the muffler close to the engine, and make the muffler extremely effective, or to use a larger diameter exhaust pipe from the muffler to the open air. The latter introduces another difficulty, since the resonating quality of a large and long pipe will excite low frequency drumming noises that are very unpleasant to many ears. The way to overcome the cracking noise of the bus engine exhaust is to use an effective silencer.

At this stage the automobile, or motor car, should have consideration. The motor car is not one of the important offenders when it comes to noise, taken individually. However, taken in quantities it is responsible for elevating the noise level of our cities to a serious degree. Aside from the unnecessary sounding of its horn, which is purely a question of police regulation, the motor car noise is that made by its engine exhaust when accelerating from a standstill, and from its change gears when accelerating. Observation shows that on a crowded thoroughfare in any of our cities the steadily moving stream of motor car traffic makes very little noise. But that at intersections, where at intervals this traffic must be halted, and then re-started, the noise from ineffective mufflers and growling gears is very considerable.

The cure for the exhaust noise is to insist that exhausts be silent, for it is entirely possible without any ill effects whatsoever, by using effective mufflers or silencers. The cure for the gear noise is not so simple. It calls for better quality in the change gear transmission system. If the gears are accurately cut, if they are maintained in accurate alignment and mesh, and if a heavy grease is used in the gear box which will not acquire too thick qualities in cold weather, a change gear box is not offensive. This is proven by the many cars we see every day with satisfactorily quiet change gears.

But again, this costs money. Nevertheless, it is the opinion of the writer that public agitation and insistence upon quiet running will eventually produce results, just as public disapproval has eliminated expectoration upon the floors of public conveyances and upon sidewalks. When one recalls the conditions which existed twenty years ago it seems that any improvement is possible. It certainly was a task of the first magnitude to teach the masses not to expectorate. The same profound change occurred in the case of filth and rubbish. The latter are bad form and unlawful today. It is merely necessary that we apply the same system and make unnecessary noise bad form and unlawful.



This 60 ton Diesel electric locomotive with exhaust silenced makes quiet switching possible

Continuing this analysis of city noises in the order of their offensive characteristics, we must here pass to the noises made by street criers, trucks loaded with noise making materials, ash and garbage removal services, advertising that depends upon noise, motorcycles and elevated railroads. Excepting the elevated railroad and the motorcycle, all of these noises are matters of police regulation. Nothing in the way of new equipment is needed. Instead, it must come to pass that it is as bad form or as unlawful to create these noises as it is to commit any of the several other public nuisances.

In the case of the elevated railroad, of course all cities do not have elevated railroads. However, where they exist, it is necessary, if they are to be quiet in their operation, to arouse public sympathy and feeling to that point where it shall become possible for the operators of the elevated railroads to make them quiet and make them profitable also. A quiet running elevated railroad is a possibility, just as a quiet running street car is a possibility. The steel wheel on the steel rail is of course a very serious difficulty, but good rail joints, good switches and a structure that is damped so as to avoid radiation of noise would work wonders. One of the dreams we have a perfectly good right to indulge is an elevated railroad on which the trains will glide by as quietly and smoothly as motor cars glide by now. Certainly motor cars instead of the present cars would be quiet on an elevated structure. There is a compromise between the two that ought to possess both the low operating cost feature and the quiet feature. Imagine the improvement in real estate values that would follow the quieting of the Second Avenue, the Third Avenue, the Sixth Avenue and the Ninth Avenue elevated lines in New York City! Is it possible that this would pay for the making of them quiet?

In the case of the motorcycle, it is a notorious noise maker, but its numbers are small. Notwithstanding, it is a very serious offender. Its noise is wholly from ineffective muffling of the exhaust, or the rankest sort of disregard for the public. In many instances it is the latter, because fairly good mufflers are supplied with these machines, but these mufflers are "cut out" by the drivers for reasons only understood by themselves.

Let us now pass to the noises which issue from pipes and various kinds of power machinery. The city dweller recognizes these noises as those emanating from steam shovels, trench diggers, excavating machinery, etc, etc. and from various kinds of industrial plants. In almost all cases the dominating noises are from discharges or intakes of one kind or another. Some sort of an engine is always involved, classing pumps and compressors as engines. If it is a steam engine, as is the case with many shovels, it is the exhaust, or the safety valve. It is conventional today for both of these to discharge directly into the air with nothing whatsoever to control the noise. The exhaust is a nerve wearing sharp puffing hiss. The safety valve is a sudden and violent hissing roar that startles the most com-

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Sale, Navy, Sale

By a Naval Officer's Wife

The officers of the Army and Navy forced to keep their gold braid bright and new, are scrimping along on salaries equivalent to those of 1908. Herein a Navy officer's wife tells necessarily anonymously, of the problems of life in the service. Unless the pay scales are raised only officers with private incomes will be able to fight for democracy

I KNOW that people, as a whole, regard us as a lucky and well-paid lot. We are happy-go-lucky because we must be; we are far from well-paid. As a recent newspaper editorial has aptly put it: A naval officer is paid somewhat less than a good bricklayer, and infinitely less than a poor Congressman.

My husband, a lieutenant senior grade, receives $50.70 a week salary, plus $1.20 a day for rations. If we live in Government quarters, this is his total pay; if not, we are allowed $18.66 a week for quarters outside the navy yard. Totaled, this is $459 more yearly than he would receive if he were a bachelor; thus does the Government evaluate a wife.

Hundreds of times, often by very close friends, things like this have been said to me:

"Isn't it nice that your husband has his uniforms furnished by the Government?"

"Isn't it a relief to know you can get free medical and hospital care?"

"Isn't it lovely to have so many parties?"

"Isn't it wonderful to see so much of the world at the Government's expense?"

These questions do nicely to illustrate the utter lack of understanding as to what the Government "gives" its Army and Navy officers, and more especially as to what she demands of them.

To begin with, not so much as a brass button is furnished by the Government. A complete uniform equipment is compulsory, and is paid for by the officer. Twenty separate uniforms are designated, and failure to possess any part of the equipment is cause for court-martial.

The outfit costs about a thousand dollars, and even so, it isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep. I quote from *Uniform Regulations of the U. S. Navy:* "Officers and men must be habitually neatly and smartly dressed, their uniforms scrupulously clean, their lace, devices and insignia bright and free from tarnish and corrosion. Uniforms shall be promptly renewed when necessary. Clothes and equipment shall be of the best material. . . ."

Service blues, the working uniform of a naval officer, is such by designation only. It shows lint and spots; it shines. The gold braid soon becomes tarnished. White collars and shirts add to the upkeep in sizable laundry bills. If an officer fails to be neatly and smartly dressed, he may be, and often is, rebuked by his superiors. Take the case of A., a junior lieutenant. With two children, a couple of moves, and considerable illness, he was strapped. One bright morning his chief said to him, "A., go on home and take off that damned dirty uniform!" Poor A. had only one service uniform, so he took enforced leave till another could be made. How he managed to pay for it is another story, service blues costing anywhere from fifty to seventy dollars.

I might mention L., a lieutenant-commander. He had recently arrived from duty in Panama, when an unexpected function for the Secretary of the Navy required evening dress, blue B. He hastily assembled the outfit, unworn during tropical duty, and found it moth-riddled beyond repair. He was conveniently ill that evening, but much more truly so the next day at the knowledge that the new evening uniform, ordered immediately, would cost ninety dollars.

This is only half the story. Except during working hours, the wearing of uniforms is frowned upon. It is not the thing to go shopping, walking, dining, or traveling in uniform, unless the occasion be official. The wearing of uniforms is prohibited in Washington, D. C., to the hundreds of officers on duty at the Navy Department. So, if an officer be ordered there, away with uniforms to moth bags for three or four years; on with a complete outfit of civilian clothes. These are often, and of necessity, sad-looking affairs. My husband's civilian overcoat is a heavy belted effect, bought in 1919.

And what of the wives? Most of us buy our clothes at sales. I know that when I attend the semi-annuals, every other face is a familiar one. So much so that one day there flashed through my head, irrelevantly enough, the navy song "Sail, Navy, down the field," and I felt that with only a slight change of spelling, the first two words would make an excellent slogan for many wives.

I shall never forget a certain reception in Boston. It was an affair for visiting celebrities, and the Army and Navy were invited to add lustre to the scene. Certainly our husbands did; there's something about a uniform. But the wives! "The tackiest looking crowd I've seen in a long time," was the kindest verdict we got, and that from the frank lips of a beautifully dressed debutante, while she danced with one of our beautifully dressed husbands. It was true enough. A lot of us were still paying debts caused in part by these same brilliant uniforms. Trousseaus had grown shabby, and funds for new feminine clothes were simply lacking. Navy regulations do not require that Navy wives be smartly dressed. And yet, I defy any other group of women to dress on as little, and look as well as the wives of Army and Navy officers. You see we buy our clothes at sales, and buy good ones. We move so often that a five-year old dress becomes new at a new station, and no one is the wiser. We look on a radical change of style, such as the new long skirts, as disaster. Navy wives will show their knees for some months to come.

On the question of medical care in the Navy, there is much said and little known. An article in a women's magazine several years ago, "What Price Babies?" gave as a fact that Army and Navy wives are given free medical and hospital care at the time their babies are born. Except on tropical stations, or like places where other hospitalization is impossible, Navy wives and children are not allowed in naval hospitals as patients after six P.M.

Navy wives learn to do things in a

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hurry, to break up and strip a home in twenty-four hours if necessary. We are not yet gypsyfied enough to have our babies and be on our way in the ten or twelve hours allowed us. Nor are there gynecologists or pedeatricians in the medical corps of the Navy. Many service doctors frankly admit they prefer not to treat the families of officers. Their work lies among the men of the Navy; their skill and experience are concentrated there. Incidentally, each man and officer in the Navy is required to pay a small sum, each month, to the Department of Medicine and Surgery. It is small, but its total is surprisingly large, and it is used to help the Government defray the expenses of that department. No dental work is done for families of personnel. Up to a year ago, Navy dentists were permitted to do two things, pull teeth and fill with amalgam. So officers went elsewhere for their dentistry.

A book could be written on the physical and financial cost of official entertaining. I know that in the case of officers of high rank the outlay in money is sometimes staggering. Be sure of this: that any increase in pay which comes with increasing rank, fails utterly to keep pace with increasing obligations. An admiral may be allowed servants, but not food for these servants, nor any recompense for the almost daily expense of those who must be entertained for governmental reasons.

A battleship goes on a good-will cruise. Foreign ports show lavish hospitality. So before the ship leaves, a return party must be given, and it must not shame this country. Often hundreds must be invited, far better a few extra than any one slighted. The Government does not pay for this return party. The cost is divided among the men in the officers' wardroom, and it has been known to run as high as five hundred dollars per capita on one of these diplomatic cruises. Every ship has tales to tell of visiting Congressmen who do not hesitate to fill their pockets with cigars from the officers' mess under the much-abused notion that Uncle Sam is paying for them.

A captain's wife has told me of an incident that happened years ago at an island station. A member of the British royal family stopped over a few hours there. The commandant at the naval station was requested, through official channels, to entertain him. So a reception was planned. Remember that there are no official funds for an affair of this sort, and the expense of it had to be borne by the small group of officers stationed there. The list was made as small as possible, but the political situation was delicate at best, and all town and island officials must be asked; the number mounted into some hundreds. However, wives worked themselves sick over suitable decorations and refreshments, then acted as hostesses to throngs of people throughout the afternoon. Everything went off beautifully, and when it was over, they congratulated themselves, and collapsed.

Underwood

There's something about a uniform

The next morning the papers harangued long and bitterly over the selfishness and snobbishness of the officers of the United States Navy. The reception should have been open to the general public. Certainly the United States could spend a few dollars on these islands from which she made so many. The snobbish United States Navy could scarcely explain that the sum each officer had contributed to that reception would make him poor for many a day.

One takes cold comfort from the fact that this imposition on officers is an old one, and not confined to this country. The London *Times*, recently printed a letter, written in 1815 by a Lieutenant Henry Smith to his brother. It was written from the Bellerophon, the British vessel on which Napoleon Bonaparte began the journey which ended in St. Helena. "They," he wrote, "need not put us to any more expense, for having the suite of Boney in the wardroom has been quite expense enough; they drank two hogshead of Claret I, the same of Port, and a half hogshead of Madeira, besides eating everything we had. We have written to the Admiralty to make some kind of remuneration. I do not know whether they will allow us anything or not; if they do, I dare say some paltry sum that will not cover half the expense which we have incurred. . . ."

Travel? Yes. At the Government's expense? No! I should modify this positive negative, I suppose, for the Government does pay our railroad fare, but any one who travels a great deal knows that this is only the beginning of the expense. It is perhaps an extraneous, but none the less interesting fact, that the Government will pay nothing for the transportation of adopted children. We establish our right to transportation for the family by filing birth certificates in Washington. Also, it is well to marry off our daughters and put our sons to work before they are eighteen; after that, nothing is allowed for them.

Our last move was from the west coast to the east. My husband was sent on a Navy tanker by way of the Panama Canal. I was routed overland with the family. The expense started with meals, tips, the thousand and one incidentals of such trips, especially with children. The tanker took six weeks; the train five days. So I had to come to the new station and settle temporarily in a boarding-house. Even if I had wished to choose and move into a new home alone, it would have been impossible; the furniture took longer to arrive than my husband.

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The Trend of Events

Fiasco

SURPRISE is no name for Secretary of State Stimson's reaction to the aggressive reply of M. Litvinoff, Soviet Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs, denouncing as an unfriendly act the American appeal that Russia respect the Kellogg treaty. When reports came that China, led by Manchuria, had agreed to restore Russia's partial control over the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Secretary was obviously relieved to declare the incident closed.

It is hard to believe with Mr. Stimson that his move promoted the settlement. The chief promoter was apparently Russia's invasion rather than America's intervention. In truth, the Kellogg treaty has revealed several yawning holes. One appeared when Russia and China, having pledged themselves to seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means, sought the settlement of their dispute over the Manchurian railway by warlike means. Reminded last July of their obligations under the treaty they solemnly promised to observe them, and forthwith had at each other's heads with battle-axes.

When some days ago Secretary Stimson asked them not to forget their pledges to keep their pledges of peace, the situation grew farcical. China, harassed with a foreign war and half a dozen civil wars, received intervention with open arms. Russia, having China by the throat, vigorously resented interference, and thus the peace pact became a stimulant to ill will which may indefinitely defer American recognition of the Soviet government. The Litvinoff note referred sarcastically to American troops in China and to the lack of a Russian representative in Washington, refused to admit that any nation is the protector of the Kellogg treaty, and declared that the Soviet-Manchurian crisis could be settled only by direct negotiation. Quite as devastating as this was the unwillingness of many signatories of the treaty to add their voices to Secretary Stimson's. Not only as an appeal of, but as an appeal to, public opinion, the treaty fell short.

Worse, Litvinoff's statement that Russia had acted in self-defense, and hence in harmony with the Kellogg treaty, was quite plausible. We long ago pointed out that both disputants could plead self-defense, Russia because her railway had been appropriated and her territory invaded, China because she had been attacked both by troops and by long-continued Soviet propaganda. The long and the short of it is, the powers which thought twice before invoking the Kellogg treaty this time may think three times before invoking it next time.

Trouble in Haiti

M. LITVINOFF may have smiled sardonically as he noted that five Haitians had been killed by American

Keystone

SARCASTIC SPOKESMAN

Maxim Litvinoff, Acting Commissar for Foreign Affairs, answers Stimsons note

Marines and that our troops in the island, already 700 strong, had been increased by 500 men. Possibly he asked himself why the United States, having requested Russia not to use force to protect its interests in China, should itself use force to protect its interests in Haiti.

It would appear, however, that whatever we do we are given license to do under the 1915 treaty which put Haiti in our hands. We may "take such steps as may be necessary to insure the complete attainment of any of the objects comprehended in this treaty," these being to rehabilitate Haitian finances, develop the republic economically, and maintain order.

The purposes of the uprising in Haiti are not altogether clear. What started as a students' strike soon spread to clerks in government offices and finally to all branches of labor. Soon political agitators were using it to influence the forthcoming presidential election. As far as news reports reveal, the revoltees have had three objects. The first was to induce President Borno to call general legislative elections. The second was to prevent the President, in office since 1922, from serving another term. (It should be explained that, instead of a national legislature, Haiti has a Council of State, whose members name, and are named by, the President.) The third object was to compel American troops and American "advisers"—who really run the government, administering police, financial, and other affairs—to get out and stay out.

Apparently our control of Haiti is resented not only by many of the illiterate natives but by much of the literate one-tenth of the Negro and mulatto population. Opinions on this control run from that of the American High Commissioner, Brigadier General Russell, who believes that the people have confidence in the American Administration, to that of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which refers to the occupation as "fourteen years of incompetence, misrule, and oppression."

If a commission is to investigate our relations with the island, as the President advises, this will inevitably postpone settlement of the Haitian question for some time. Doubtless the commissioners will report that our recent acts were legally justified. M. Litvinoff, however, may want to know, embarrassingly enough, whether in patrolling Haitian cities and shooting rebellious natives we are striving to settle the dispute by pacific means.

Drama for Sixpence

"IF ONLY SOME ONE would build you a huge Woolworth theatre (all seats sixpence)," wrote George Bernard Shaw to Charles B. Cochran, congratulating him on the production of Sean O'Casey's *The Silver Tassie*, "to start with O'Casey and O'Neill, and no plays by men who had ever seen a five-pound note before they were thirty or been inside a school after they were thirteen,

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Harris & Ewing

HURLEY, EDWARD N.
Wants war abolished by agreements among industrial leaders of world

you would be buried in Westminster Abbey."

Suiting action to Shaw's word, members of the English Labor Party, including four cabinet ministers, have made a start. Organizing a private society, this group will establish a Socialist theatre. While it may not inquire when its playwrights left school or saw their first five-pound note, it will scrutinize their social and political views. These must be definitely democratic, preferably radical. The first production will be Upton Sinclair's *The Singing Gallows Bird.* Another American, Elmer Rice, will be heard from, as will the revolutionary German playwrights, Ernst Toller and George Kaiser.

The end which the promoters of the new theatre have in view is exactly Shaw's—the building of a new theatre, like the People's Stage in Berlin, on a scale large enough to permit the production of plays of artistic merit at low prices.

An idealistic scheme. It will be interesting to see how it works out. The assumption seems to be that drama of democratic and liberal idea is usually not only good drama but something the sixpence public would flock to see. Unfortunately this does not prove true, in America at least. Pay the modest admission to a radical-type playhouse in one of our large cities and you are likely to find a mediocre play, indifferently acted, and attended by reasonably prosperous audiences. When a good radical play is written, by O'Neill or O'Casey, say, where is it sooner or later to be found? In the largest theatres, with distinguished casts, commanding good prices at the box-office. Witness the fact that Charles B. Cochran is packing up the Augustus John settings of *The Silver Tassie* and bringing the play to Broadway.

And the sixpence public? It will be found where it vastly prefers to be—at a talkie entitled *Forbidden Kisses.*

▸▸*The Hurley Plan*

Edward N. Hurley, Chicago manufacturer and war-time Chairman of the Shipping Board, wants industrial leaders to join the anti-war movement by agreeing to withhold basic raw materials from fighting nations. If leaders of the industries which own, control, transport, and fabricate key commodities would sell them to no actual or potential belligerent, he says, politicians would hesitate before precipitating wars. He believes that two or three dozen men could make gentlemen's agreements to control essential materials in the interests of peace, and that no force in the world could stop them.

In a position to control the distribution of oil, he places such men as Walter S. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and Sir Henri Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell Corporation; of copper, such men as John D. Ryan of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and M. E. Franque of Belgium; of steel, such men as James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation and Sir Arthur J. Dorman of Dorman, Long, and Company. And so on.

On first sight his plan looks more simple than practical. It assumes that virtually all industrial leaders want to prevent war, which is certainly doubtful when war builds up vast fortunes. Consider the case of Sir Basil Zaharoff, so-called Mystery Man of Europe, who piled wealth sky-high by selling arms to the various nations and who—says his biographer—saw to it that, "when a government policy did not res.lt in sufficient orders, that policy was changed." Even if all industrialists became peace-lovers, it is doubtful whether their governments would let them handicap wars in which their own countries were involved and that their stockholders would let them handicap other wars.

Not to dismiss the Hurley proposal too lightly, it must be admitted to be in harmony with the League of Nations boycott plan, with the Capper resolution against exporting articles for use in war to violators of the Kellogg treaty, and with the Porter resolution against exporting them to any country in which domestic violence or international conflict exists or is threatened. The proposal does recognize the absurdity of holding up one hand in horror over a threat of two nations to fight, while with the other hand presenting them with sticks and stones to fight with.

▸▸*The Hurley Promotion*

Just as Edward N. Hurley advanced his plan for the preservation of peace, the President prepared to make Patrick Jay Hurley (no relation) Secretary of War. Secretary of War is one thing Patrick Hurley hadn't been; it's not easy to think of many other things.

Mr. Hurley got away to an early start. Born in the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, forty-six years ago, at the age of eleven he was supervising the work of a mule, Kicking Pete by name, in a coal mine. He was, of course, supporting a mother and sisters; who would read this up-here-from-down-there story if he wasn't? At the age of fourteen he took his foot off the ladder's first rung and put it on the second, becoming a cowpuncher. About this time he de-

Wide World

HURLEY, PATRICK J.
Succeeds Secretary Good as Head of War Department

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cided to be a Rough Rider, and grew irritated when rejected as too young.

Soon thereafter he attracted the interest of the President of Indian University, who took the lad under his wing and helped him to get an A.B. degree. Acquiring a taste for learning, he went to Washington, D. C., and studied law at both the National and George Washington Universities. Long before that, at the age of nineteen, he had become a cavalry Captain in the Indian Territorial Volunteer Militia, and participated in an expedition against the Indian Chief Crazy Snake. Early in life he ceased to fight the Indians and began to fight for them. Admitted to the Oklahoma Bar in 1912, and later to practice before the United States Supreme Court, he became attorney for the Choctaw Nation and handled many important cases.

A Captain in the Oklahoma National Guard when the War broke out, he went to the front, became a Major and later Lieutenant Colonel, won the Distinguished Service Medal and a citation for gallantry, and, returning, became a Colonel in the Officers' Reserve Corps. It was after the War that he married Ruth Wilson, daughter of Admiral Wilson.

Besides being a lawyer, a soldier, and now the South's representative in the Cabinet, he has been a bank president in Tulsa, a landlord and contractor—he owns large buildings in Oklahoma and the District of Columbia—and an oil operator. He is a close friend of the President, for whom he plugged in Oklahoma when that State's Republicans had half a mind to support Curtis. Tall, slight, groomed, likable, he is highly popular, particularly with Army officers, who remember his military interests and doubtless expect him to see things their way.

▸▸*Voilà Voliva*

COMMANDER BYRD or no Commander Byrd, the earth, to Wilbur Glenn Voliva of Zion, Illinois, is still shaped like a pie in a plate. And that's flat.

As is well known, the overseer of the Church of Zion believes that there is but one pole—the North Pole. That is in the center of the pie, which rests in water. All that Byrd has done, in Voliva's estimation, is to fly to a point 90 degrees South and fly back again. He may have reached a south pole well enough, for the Volivian theory places some 1,000 poles to the south, around the 60,000-mile edge of the pie; they define the icy barrier that surrounds the earth. If some one were to fly around the earth at 50 degrees south latitude, and prove it to be the same distance as, instead of a much greater distance than, that around the earth at 50 degrees north latitude, Mr. Voliva might, he says, abandon his pie and succumb to the popular globe theory. But not until then.

Possibly some one may make this test, but we rather hope not. The Volivian theory is quite refreshing, including as it does the hypothesis that the earth stands still while the sun, three thousand miles away, runs around its edge, and involving always the possibility that some intrepid flier may venture over the edge and have to swim or skate for his life. Moreover, it is a long time since a madman named Columbus told a generation of pie theorists that the earth was in reality an orange. Turn about is fair play. Might not some super-Einstein come along now and prove that we are all out of step but Voliva?

Underwood

PAYS A CALL

King Victor Emanuel of Italy visits the Pope at the Vatican

▸▸*At the Vatican*

ITALY HAS POMP and to spare. A few months ago there were the ceremonies attendant upon the Pope's taking possession of the territory ceded him by the Lateran treaties. Just lately the Italian sovereigns paid their first call at the Vatican—a ceremony repeated a few days later by the rulers' three children. On December 20, Pope Pius will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood. Early in January Crown Prince Humbert's marriage to Princess Marie José of Belgium will take place in the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal Palace. Meantime, Premier Mussolini has continued, and will continue, to review his troops.

It was no informal call, the recent visit of King Victor Emanuel and Queen Helena. For the first time, a King and Queen of United Italy visited a Pope, taking the final step necessary for the complete reconciliation of church and state, at odds since 1870, when Pope Pius IX voluntarily became the prisoner of the Vatican. Months of careful preparation preceded the event; visitors poured into Rome by thousands to see the spectacular procession.

Leaving the palace in closed automobiles, the King in full military regalia, the Queen dressed entirely in white, the royal couple crossed the boundaries of the Vatican City. They were greeted by the city's Governor and Postmaster General, both in Elizabethan costume. Passing through the ranks of the Swiss guards, in their costumes designed by Michaelangelo, on through a brilliant assemblage of the Pope's lay and ecclesiastical court, the latter in mediæval dress, the sovereigns were received by His Holiness in a private audience lasting twenty minutes. Gifts and felicitations were exchanged, and the King and Queen, after kneeling at the tomb of the Apostle Peter, returned home to receive the Papal Nuncio, who called to return the visit in the name of the Pope.

Thus, under shining Italian skies, amid the rich-hued, old-world pageantry which only a Vatican ceremony can recapture, the question of church and state was officially shut, stamped, and sealed. Unfortunately, it keeps flying open every now and then. Only a few days before this occasion, the Pope roundly remonstrated with the Fascist press for indiscreet and discourteous statements concerning the spheres of the church and the state. Theoretically they were determined by the Lateran treaties. Determining them practically, however, is causing and will cause trouble.

▸▸*Keeping It Rolling*

THE PURPOSE OF the small conferences of business men called by President

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Hoover after the stock-market crash was to set the ball rolling toward stability. The purpose of the large business survey conference called by the Chamber of Commerce on December 5 was to keep it rolling. The President's plans are now familiar. They are to combat pessimism and uncertainty by publicizing the sunny side, to keep wages at present levels, and to take up the slack in employment by stimulating exports and extending building programs.

What the President began the business men are expected to further. "I believe," he said, "that, with the great backlogs which are already assured by the public service institutions and the governmental works, you will be able to build up the construction and maintenance activities for 1930 to a higher level than that of 1929."

Addressing the conference, Secretary of Commerce Lamont stressed the importance of continuing normal buying, and of keeping up employment and wages. If necessary, he said, reduce hours rather than wage rates, and alternate employees by the week, giving some income to as many as possible. Citing reassuring factors in the outlook, Assistant Secretary of Commerce Klein told the business men that the nation is looking to them to "get out of the huddle of 'conferences' . . . . and play ball," or, to change the metaphor, that "the only sound which really counts is the clang of shovels and of cash register bells."

Reports submitted to the conference by business leaders, emphasizing favorable conditions and prospects, have already tended to fulfill the President's purpose of deluging the country with whatever optimistic publicity is justified. His other purposes will be considered as soon as the leaders have organized. Out of the conference there will probably grow both a large committee and a small executive committee to do the work the President described. The much-discussed plan for a permanent economic council, designed to co-operate with the Government in keeping business riding high and on an even keel, appears to have been dropped. Whether it will be taken up again may depend largely on the effectiveness with which the temporary committees perform their functions.

▶▶*More Money to Spend*

As good as his word, Henry Ford has fattened his employees' pay envelopes as his contribution to economic stability. While other employers were promising President Hoover not to reduce wages, Mr. Ford promised to raise them. The trouble with industry, he said, was not over-production but lack of purchasing power. Echoing the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, he declared that people's wants are never satisfied, but that means are sometimes lacking to gratify them. What he proposed was to supply the lack, to give more money to wage-earners so that they might buy more radios, long skirts, matched golf clubs, and, of course, automobiles.

Underwood

GOOD-NEWS BEARER
Edsel Ford announces wage increases for all Ford workmen

The amount by which Mr. Ford has increased the spending capacity of his employees is estimated at about $19,500,000 on the basis of the October payroll. Since October Mr. Ford has been obliged to reduce the number of his employees in several of his plants, but those who benefit probably still number more than 100,000, and the rest, it is declared, will soon be taken back. Increased from $2.34 to $5 in 1914 and from $5 to $6 in 1919, the minimum daily wage now goes to $7; the apprentice's wage has jumped from $5 to $6; other increases spell daily earnings as high as $10. Anticipating inquiries, admiring from the public, exasperated from other employers, as to how he does it, Mr. Ford has explained through his son, Edsel, that the increase will not be contributed by the buying public, for whom the price of his product has already been reduced, and will not come out of the quality of the automobile, but will be made possible by better management.

Prophet and exemplar of mass production methods, he is entitled to the boast, although it will not heighten his popularity among other industrialists unable to discover ways of making such a munificent gesture. Mr. Ford has been a successful pioneer in industrial processes before now, but his current experiment is perhaps his most significant. It is squarely in line with the theory that prosperity is primarily the result of high wages, and that most salaries are now too low. It is a further step in the process of increasing wages so as to increase purchasing power so as to increase production and profits. Mr. Ford has again wound up the clock.

▶▶*Rockefeller the Third*

John D. Rockefeller III, having finished college and seen the world, has indicated to twenty newspaper reporters that he is ready to face the press and the public before which, inevitably, he will spend the rest of his life. The interview was like the Rockefellers—well-conducted and uninteresting; without nonsense and singularly without glamour.

The third Rockefeller is a tall, thin, pleasant young college graduate of twenty-three, with a wide mouth and lantern jaw. Princeton's class of '29 picked him, whimsically, as the member most likely to succeed; undoubtedly he will conduct both himself and his incredibly vast affairs in creditable fashion. He will have more money than any one can visualize. Whether he will have much fun with it is another matter. Wealth, which in some hands becomes

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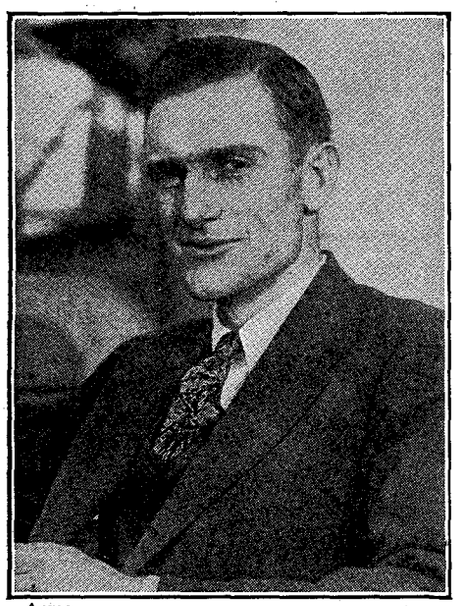
an exciting thing, full of picturesque, highly-colored possibilities, to the Rockefellers always seems primarily a



Acme

BILLION-HEIR

John D. Rockefeller, third of the name, carries on the family traditions

burden and a responsibility. There are the philanthropies, the arts and letters to be patronized; there is scientific research to be advanced. There are publicity agents to be hired; there are statements to the press to be made. "My son and I are buying common stocks," said the oldest Rockefeller not long ago. The country heard and settled back.

Here, if there ever was one, is plutocratic America's opportunity to have a Prince of Wales. The young Rockefeller is no mere rich man's son; he is the sign and symbol of a vast fortune carried into the third generation. His is a proud dynasty which he must administer wisely and hand on intact. Unfortunately there does not seem to be any plausible way in the American scheme of things for him to become the official figure he might be. It is probably to the Rockefellers' credit that they are determinedly unpretentious, modest, reticent folk, and that their heir apparent is a nice young man like thousands of others, who majored in economics and history, plays tennis and squash, and likes Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. Yet this simplicity is somehow unreal. It is somehow strange that no title is conferred on them, no official notice taken of their peculiar position. They have all the inconveniences of royalty and few of the compensations.

▶▶*Vare Out*

VOTING THAT WILLIAM S. VARE is not entitled to the seat he won in the Pennsylvania election of November, 1926, the Senate repeats what it said to Frank L. Smith of Illinois in 1927 and 1928. That is, it intends not merely to expel but to exclude when it believes it has good reason therefor. Aside from the inevitable partisans, the Senate voted to bar Vare because it concluded that too much money was spent in his behalf in the Vare-Pepper-Pinchot Republican primary of 1926, and that some of it was spent dishonestly.

Whether the Senate exceeded its limited constitutional rights in so doing, opinions differ. The uncertainty is likely to persist, since, if the question can be, it will not be, reviewed by the Supreme Court. It is silly to say, as some quivering Republican spokesmen have done, that the Senate may go on from this precedent to bar successful candidates for parting their hair in the middle. Probably it will expel or exclude no one against whom it is impossible to make out an impressive case. If a fairly strong argument could be advanced for Vare, equally strong ones could be advanced against him. There were two sides. There sometimes are.

One fundamental aspect of the affair has been too little discussed. As the Senate indicated when by a vote of 66 to 15 it declared that William B. Wilson was not elected, Vare unquestionably won a plurality of the votes in the election of 1926. Moreover, less than three months ago, Philadelphia witnessed a primary which was essentially a contest between Vare and Mayor Mackey for control of the Republican organization. Again Vare emerged on top. It is not improbable that he would win if he ran for Senator tomorrow, that he will win if he runs next year. In short, the lamentable fact appears to be that Pennsylvania likes Vare and wants Vare. The blame in the Vare case therefore rests primarily on Pennsylvania's citizens. While it is commendable for the Senate to wish to raise its admission standards, in a democratic form of government attempts to raise them above a point approved by the electorate seem rather futile.

▶▶*Bay State Affairs*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the aging Senator Gillett, that, unwilling to "lag superfluous on the stage," he will not attempt to succeed himself next year, centers the despairing glances of Massachusetts Republican leaders on a two-family house in Northampton. Though their popular appeal was exceptional, both Presidential Candidate Smith and Senatorial Candidate Walsh carried Massachusetts last year. Who will carry it back? Mr. Coolidge? Mr. Coolidge has shown no desire to. Former-Governor Fuller? The Governor would like to try, but one wing of the party is little inclined to let him.

Possibly the Sacco-Vanzetti case is too far in the past to affect Governor Fuller's ordinarily strong vote-pulling powers one way or the other. Possibly the personal antagonism of certain Republicans toward him could be overcome. But the Governor is a dry, and Massachusetts may be feeling wet next November. Encouraged by the Massachusetts protest against the 18th Amendment in the 1928 referendum, anti-prohibitionists are now striving to repeal the State enforcement act. In all likelihood, the electorate will vote on the proposition next year.

If Mr. Coolidge is out by choice, Governor Fuller by necessity, probable Republican winners look scarce. So Senator Moses must think, at any rate. Why else should he believe that the unlikely ex-Senator Butler would run as well as any other Republican whose name is being mentioned? Has Senator

Keystone

ROCKING AND WATCHING

Will Mr. Coolidge choose to run for the United States Senate?

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Moses thought of drafting that hoarse and hairy Republican, Andrew J. ("Bossy") Gillis, of Newburyport? At least, Mr. Gillis makes a habit of winning. He has, for example, just been re-elected Mayor, thereby defeating with ballots a man whom he had already defeated with his fists.

With politics and prohibition to think about, Massachusetts may be but moderately interested to note that the book censorship issue has reached the Supreme Court on the appeal of a publisher who, having sold *"An American Tragedy"* in Boston, was found guilty of peddling an obscene book. The Court will indicate whether the layman is correct in assuming that under the Massachusetts statute, which the Legislature refuses to modify, a book may be judged, not as a whole, but on a single sentence or paragraph. There seems little for publishers to do save to pray for a liberal interpretation of a most illiberal law.

▶▶*In the Living-room*

"THE TUNNEYS ARE BACK, I see. The James Joseph Tunneys, Evening *Herald* calls them. They've been to Italy and everywhere; met George Bernard Shaw. She's been sick. Appendicitis. She's good looking all right. Doesn't seem to be wearing those long skirts in the picture here. Wonder if she calls him Gene. Or James.

"No one knows what kind of a job he's going to get. Some kind of writing, probably. Something like Shaw. He wrote about the ship they came home on, for a book they have on the ship. It mentioned Neptune and Hercules, things like that. He could write, well enough. Anyhow, he wouldn't really have to—just get someone to do it for him and sign his name, the way the rest do. He's still a fighter, though, whatever they say. Must have been to lick Dempsey. Said he'd been 'cold for the count of four days.' He meant he'd been seasick. They say his clothes were all made to order in England.

"They're going to live in Stamford, Connecticut. That's another thing. They tell me lots of writers live out that way—the rich ones. The Lindberghs are settling down, too, at last, I notice. They have an apartment in New York, $3,200 a year. Large living-room, two bed-rooms, and a kitchen with a dining alcove. That's a good deal of money for that. You don't hear much about John Coolidge and his wife. They'll probably spend Christmas in Northampton."

▶▶*Humanism*

HUMANISM, AS RECENTLY INTRODUCED in New York by the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, formerly of the Universalist Church, is a religion without prayers, creeds, baptism, or clergy. Believing that through the ages man's mind has been warped and stunted by the fear of God, Dr. Potter undertakes to break down distinctions between things human and divine by teaching that in man himself are infinite possibilities for good. Once man's mind is free of religious fear, he says, "we shall have such an advance in civilization as now we hardly dare contemplate."

The trouble with the religions of the world, according to Dr. Potter, is that, though they have all grown out of human personality, they have claimed supernatural origin. Humanism is simply what it is: a religion created by man. It stands in no superstitious awe of the supernatural, believing it to be merely the not yet understood natural.

From the Humanist viewpoint, man's chief aim is, not to glorify God, but to improve himself, both as an individual and as a race. Injustice and suffering, instead of being meekly accepted as the will of God, become matters to be protested against, investigated, and, if possible, eradicated. Since there is no specific Deity, there is no occasion to praise, placate, or petition Him through prayer. Hell becomes the suffering on earth which results from breaking the laws of right living, Heaven the satisfaction found in obeying these laws and seeking to make the world better. For salvation is substituted improvement, which comes from within. Immortality is a problem of continuing personality, "to be explored by the scientists rather than by prophets."

Dr. Potter expects that other Humanist societies will grow up through the country. Each one, he says, will develop its own order of service; none will be governed by ecclesiastical authority. Instead of long preliminary services and short sermons, the time will be occupied mostly with lectures.

No sooner did Dr. Potter launch his faith than he was denounced by other pastors, both modernists and fundamentalists. He will be denounced again and again. Possibly Humanism, having caused one more flare-up of religious discussion, will soon be forgotten. But a great deal is being written and thought by intelligent people who wish to believe but are unsatisfied by established beliefs. Possibly from Humanism will develop the religion some of them are seeking.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

I have no desire to preach. I may, however, mention one good old word —work.—HERBERT HOOVER.

By and large I think the American business man cares less for money than the business man of any other country.—OWEN D. YOUNG.

It develops that John D. Rockefeller has been giving away bright new nickels. *Now* who says there is no concern over the financial situation.—EDWARD HOPE.

Prohibition has resulted in the election of legislators and officials by the people.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

A thing of beauty and a joy forever is a dry Congressman with a leaky suitcase.—"BUGS" BAER.

A craving for alcohol is not easily subdued.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The most inspiring thing to say to a man doing wrong is to tell him that he is a sinner.—REV. DR. HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS.

I am perfectly willing to swallow the story of Jonah and the whale and the whole book of Genesis.—BERNARD SHAW.

Unfortunately Old Neptune, a respecter of no personage or occasion—even Halcyone herself, started grumbling and waving his trident as Miss "Vulcania" passed the Rock of Hercules; the seas got rough, the skies gloomy, and I assumed a horizontal position, in which I remained quite cold for the count of four days.—GENE TUNNEY.

I often wonder if the price one pays for fame is worth it.—CLARA BOW.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*In Brief*

SENTIMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA in favor of sending to the Senate a man like Joseph R. Grundy indicates how repentant that State is over sending to the Senate a man like William S. Vare. . . . The fact that seventy-two cents of each dollar spent by this Government in the fiscal year 1930 will be devoted to war purposes must disconcert hard-headed individuals who believe that the current peace movement lacks a strictly prac-

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tical foundation. . . . The Byrd geological party in the Queen Maude Mountains reports finding a spot of "amazing interest." Probably a spot at which it is almost impossible to hear radio programs from home. . . . About 47,000 prohibition violators were convicted in Federal courts during the fiscal year 1929, and the average fine imposed was about $180. Plainly, then, it is out of the question to return to the old license system; it's here now. . . . If newspaper editors, instead of dividing their space between the Shearer investigators and the lobby investigators, would place the former on the first page every day, the sub-committee of the Senate Naval Committee would probably be delighted to give the Shearer case the penetrating attention it deserves. The blame for the sudden pause in the Shearer inquiry therefore rests squarely on the newspapers, not on members of the upper house. . . .

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE CONSIDER the effort to entice Calvin Coolidge into the Senate the most stirring political byplay of the day, even though the press scants it. It is, to our mind, significant not so much because of the interest which would attach to him as a member of the body he affected to despise while he was President, but because of the ulterior motives behind the attempt to coax him back into public life. The press has again failed to take its readers behind the scenes, and has conveyed no hint of the tremendous import of the political drama being enacted at Boston and the Capital. So the public has taken at face value Senator Gillett's unselfish announcement of his desire to retire and subsequent suggestions that Mr. Coolidge would be the ideal man to restore the Bay State's waning prestige in the nation's councils.

We happen to know, however, that definite forces have been at work to force out Mr. Gillett and to trap Mr. Coolidge into giving hostages to the Hoover Administration. Moreover, the proposal to place the reactionary Vermonter in the Senate is not an isolated move. It is, we hear, of a piece with the clumsily executed maneuver to align so generally admired a figure as Dwight W. Morrow with the Administration in pending conflicts on Capitol Hill. The White House board of strategy, we understand, is engaged in detailed preparations to check the Progressive—or "wild ass"—gallop before it becomes a stampede, and looks for help to men of the Morrow and Coolidge type. Should the issues now dividing the eastern and western wings of the party ever figure in an appeal to the voters, a campaign "prosperity" placard trimmed with the portraits of Messrs. Hoover, Coolidge and Morrow—and Vice-President Curtis to add an humble touch—would, no doubt, win over each owner of a truck garden, a Liberty Bond or a bungalow. It would, as Frank Munsey was wont to say in his gay moments, combine the best features of the winning policies of each Republican Administration since the World War.

Mr. Gillett's labored statement of abdication may have fooled the public, but we are told the aged statesman was loath to step down and out. We hear that only the greatest pressure on the part of certain interests close to the Administration persuaded him he had outlived his usefulness to party and country. He soon discovered, we learn, that the President's easily affrighted advisers think it wise that Mr. Coolidge become an active ally instead of a long-distance and unquoted critic of the present occupant of the White House. We also learn that, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Hoover's friends worry constantly over the comings and goings and odd sayings of the mysterious Calvin. They cannot fail to note the ex-President's obvious desire to keep in the public eye and his frequent comings and goings among old political and newspaper friends at Boston. Uncertain of what he is up to, if anything, they would like a better opportunity to keep him under observation.

Pease in Newark, N. J., Evening News

Congratulations!

Moreover, they hear numerous predictions that he would not be averse to a comeback in 1932 should unforeseen events—a really serious business depression or a Taftish row with the party bosses—weaken Mr. Hoover's chances of victory. We do not suggest that we place much credence in theories so finely spun, since we have more faith in Mr. Coolidge's good sense and sagacity. But we find that those political guardians who make Mr. Hoover's success their special concern grow panicky whenever the former President's activities are mentioned. It is their belief that he should be corralled within Senate walls and not permitted to run loose and loquacious. With excellent logic, they think that "Senator" Coolidge would be less dangerous than a former president living in retirement. He would, for one thing, have more chances to make mistakes. Lastly, they suspect that the public's daily opportunity to contrast the two men in action—the apostle of *laissez-faire* and let-me-do-it Hoover—would be bound to benefit their man.

These fears may seem fantastic, but these are, in many respects, fantastic days at Washington. We hear such talk everywhere we go, and it has become more general since the market collapse. There are those who think Mr. Hoover overreached himself with his "prosperity" conferences, and that all the big business ballyhoo at the White House aroused suspicion that conditions may not be so good. Indeed, we now hear the President's spokesmen are requesting that the correspondents "lay off" the whole subject, and that they devote their press-agenting talents to such non-provocative problems as Government reorganization and the London naval conference. The strategy of switching headline emphasis of a sudden is one of Mr. Hoover's ancient devices for sustaining reader interest in himself, and, for all we know, it may be a good one. At any rate, we can't forget where it landed him!

A. F. C.

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Christmas and the Payroll

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Christmas brings more than spiritual good cheer. Mr. Scroggs, who will henceforth contribute each week, presents the economic importance of the festival

AT THIS TIME every year we cannot help being impressed with the immense economic importance of Christmas. That a widely observed festival of religious origin should exert a powerful influence on industry and commerce is nothing new in history. Such things have been happening since the dawn of civilization. The Olympic games of Greece were conducted under religious auspices, but they had their commercial offshoots. The Crusades, stimulated by religious ardor, had far-reaching effects on the trade and the standards of living of medieval Europe. It is significant that the German words for a fair and for a mass are the same *(Messe)*, and that the kermess, literally church-mass, of Flanders and the Netherlands, which began as a celebration of the dedication of a church, evolved into an annual fair or market.

We need not be surprised, then, that the celebration of a great event in the history of Christendom should likewise have important economic by-products.

Preparations for the festivities of Christmas play a constantly larger part in the business of the world. They stimulate the production of staple as well as of specialty goods; they speed up merchandise turnover, increase the volume of trade and create larger payrolls. Folk with Spartan tastes may argue that if the labor and capital devoted to the production of Christmas novelties were employed instead in the manufacture of necessities the world would be more prosperous. That is a good old-fashioned idea, but we can no longer be certain that it is correct—at least in these United States. Of many necessities we now have surplus supplies which cannot be disposed of for their cost of production. Why, then, produce more? Under present conditions the curtailment of the luxury trades may conceivably deprive a lot of people of necessities. There is a golden mean between a luxury which represents waste and an abstemiousness which leads to lower standards of living.

Some industries owe their existence to Christmas. What would the toy industry be without Santa Claus? In the United States as many workers are engaged in making toys as are employed in making watches or soap; twice as many are making toys as are making leather bags and suit-cases, and three times as many are making toys as are making matches. The demand for Christmas cards and for special Christmas editions of books not only brings more business to publishers and booksellers, but it means more work for printers, engravers, bookbinders and paper mills, and it gives writers and artists an opportunity to display their special talents and to increase their income. An interesting story might be written of what Christmas advertising means to newspapers and magazines.

A survey of the jewelry business made at Harvard some time ago showed that the trade of retail jewelers is usually twice as great during December as during the two other busiest months of the year. While farmers in Vermont, New Jersey, and California have been busy for months raising turkeys, cranberries, olives and walnuts for the Christmas dinner, gold-diggers on the Rand of South Africa, diamond-hunters in the fields of Kimberley, platinum miners in Russia and Colombia, silk-reelers in Japan, flax-growers in Ireland, fur-trappers on Hudson's Bay, perfumery experts in France, and toymakers in Germany have been busy producing things which will soon find their way into the American Christmas stocking.

The holiday trade also adds to the revenues of steamship and express companies. It even shows its effect on the activities of the Federal Government. It swells postal receipts and also postal expenditures. The post office takes in a lot of money before the holidays, but it also spends a lot in delivering the mass of packages which weary clerks are now weighing and stamping and insuring at every parcel-post window in the United States. Imports of all sorts of dutiable holiday goods also mean more work for the customs officers, as well as more income for the Government. The demand for gold coins and crisp new bills for gifts makes work for the mint and the Bureau of Printing and Engraving as well as for the banks which distribute the money. The banks also handle Christmas savings accounts, which this year are estimated at $600,000,000.

Not all the economic activities incident to Christmas are connected with gifts and feasting. The season is conducive to a general tidying-up and incidentally to better standards of living. A few weeks before the daughter comes home from college to spend the holidays or the son in the city brings out his family for a visit, there is likely to be a mighty sweeping and garnishing in the ancestral home. Repairs and papering and painting which have long been deferred now get attention. Much of the holiday spending is for useful purposes.

In recent years there has been a distinct trend away from the useless type of holiday gift which once constituted so large a proportion of Christmas merchandise. Wise merchants are chary of laying in large stocks which must be sold at Christmas time or not at all, and they may have had something to do with bringing about the change. Many of us can recall, perhaps, how at the beginning of the present century the attractiveness of a gift seemed to vary directly with its lack of utility. The highly ornamental case made to hold a single handkerchief was deemed an appropriate gift for a young man, while Dad got a lovely hand-embroidered thingumajig into which he was supposed to lay away his suspenders every night before retiring. Tastes have changed since then, but it required a great deal of agitation to bring this about. Many may recall the "spug" of two decades ago, who got his poetic name from the initial letters of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, a mythical organization to which he was supposed to belong. The "spug" has gone the way of other things of yesteryear, but his spirit goes marching on. Since his day Christmas goods have become more costly and more luxurious, but they are also more utilitarian than they were in the good old days of T.R. and the seventh Edward.

Perhaps we have all been converted to spuggery.

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Storm and Stress

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By **FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER**

The years from 1878 to 1882 were bitter indeed. Evil forces of darkness continued devilish plots to destroy Mrs. Eddy. Further friction caused schisms among the faithful. The gentle Asa G. Eddy died from "mesmeric poison"—so Mrs. Eddy was certain—administered by an enemy. Yet amid all the turmoil the Church of Christ (Scientist) was born at Lynn, Massachusetts in 1879. This is the seventh instalment

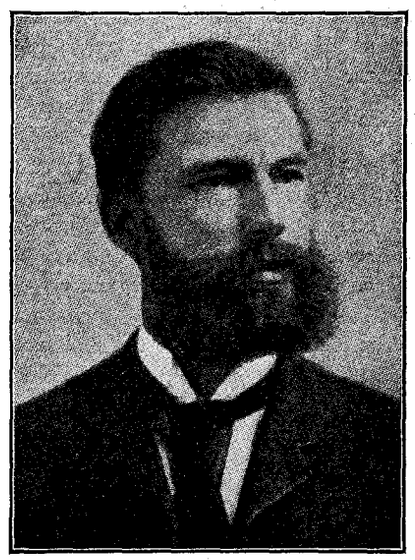
THE YEAR 1878 had proved a calamitous one for the Christian Scientists, and brought the Leader and her Cause into serious disrepute in Lynn. Ridicule and indifference had been the conventional attitude of the citizens until now,—but an open charge of witchcraft, and the tragi-comic farce of the murder conspiracy case, had been too much. Hostility was in the air. Mrs. Eddy's own students were leaving her. Even Edward J. Arens, co-defendant with Mr. Eddy in the conspiracy case, had quietly removed himself from the inner councils and, cannily avoiding the appearance of a break, had begun to practice independently in Boston.

The litigations of that year had left the Eddys sadly reduced in funds, and in spite of the strenuous efforts of the faithful few, in spite of the Sunday lectures now being held in Boston, only two students, Arthur Buswell, the hydropathist, and his friend Ackland, the phrenologist, appeared for the next class at No. 8 Broad Street. They came to room in the house, as the Eddys were having to economize sharply, and Arthur Buswell told of dinners cooked by Mr. Eddy while the leader plied her pen, and of finding Mrs. Eddy herself one day on her knees vigorously scrubbing the back stairs, and responding courageously to his remonstrance that "it was good for her after sitting at her writing table for so many hours," adding that it was impossible for her to get any help because of the mesmerists.

For far from attributing their misfortunes to any mistake of her own, to her own unfortunate preoccupation with her new doctrine of evil, she only saw in the disfavor that had fallen upon them proof of the further powers of the demonologists. They sought not only to destroy her, but her cause, which was the cause of Truth. Thus having shifted the responsibility for all that impeded her progress, and laid it squarely upon the shoulders of the mesmerists, she had freed herself of blame. She was possibly unconscious of this device, which nevertheless did operate. She was with God. All who were against her were against God.

It was inevitable that in that state of mind she should see an analogy in her own small faithful band to that small faithful band of early Christians who suffered the persecutions of the powerful of their day, and who met in secret to worship the true and living God.

It was in that dark hour in Lynn



ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL

Who was sent to Cincinnati to found an infant church

that the Christian Science Church was born. In secret, and by devious routes, on the 15th day of August, 1879, the appointed students made their appearance one by one at the office of a notary in the suburb of Charlestown, a man carefully chosen and of whom it had been ascertained that he had no traffic with the enemy. There they signed the articles of incorporation for the new Church, to be known as "The Church of Christ, (Scientist)." The charter was issued August 23rd. The officers and directors were: Mary B. G. Eddy, President; Margaret J. Dunshee, Treasurer; Edward A. Orne, Miss Dorcas B. Rawson, Arthur T. Buswell, James Ackland, Margaret J. Foley, Mrs. Mary Ruddock, and Oren Carr, Directors.

The new church had no regular place of meeting, but met in the homes of the members. On Sundays a half dozen of the faithful assembled in Mrs. Damon's parlor in Lynn, or at Mrs. Choate's in Boston, and held a service which was similar to the service used later in Christian Science churches all over the world. There was the reading of Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Lord's Prayer, then a reading from *Science and Health,* followed by reading from the Scriptures. When Mrs. Eddy was present, she "delivered a discourse." And these discourses were now filled with the terrors of Malicious Animal Magnetism, the menace of the mesmerists.

The winter of 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Eddy spent chiefly in Boston. They lived in various boarding houses, moving from one to another, driven from house to house by the machinations of the mesmerists. The Leader kept up her courage by the sound of her own voice, held Sunday lectures, worked with prodigious energy; but Gilbert Eddy was afraid.

It was not in his nature to stand forth and challenge the enemy. He could not lift up his voice in denunciation and with its sound drown out the insistent murmur of his fear. He could only listen to the voice of the Leader, his wife, and give her what support he might while they were driven from place to place by the pervading power of the enemy. Comforting as his mere presence was to her, she felt the need of a stronger presence in this hour. A man of sterner mettle than his to match her own. Where was such a man?

Now Mary Baker Eddy thought of her son.

Somewhere in the fabulous West her son had grown to manhood,—a man of her own blood. He would be thirty-five, in the prime of life,—and strong, for he had come safely through the hardships of the war, and was now a

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miner, a sturdy Western miner. She would send for him.

By what means she discovered his whereabouts, or whether she had been in communication with him before, is all part of the mystery of their relationship. In an interview published in the New York *World,* March 3rd, 1907, the son George Glover, told the story of his visit to his mother in 1879. He had, he said, received a telegram from his mother asking him to join her at once; no explanation, only a plea to come quickly. He had come as fast as express trains could carry him, and found his mother living with her husband in a Boston boarding house. It is an amazing story he tells of his mother's attempt to make a Christian Science healer of him and of her failure, saying "I guess you'll make a better miner than a healer, George;" of their being ordered from house after house, pursued and harried by the mysterious black "arts" of the mesmerists; of his staying on week after week and "learning to hate Daniel Spofford and Richard Kennedy, (the arch enemies of his mother's peace) with all his soul," until one day he confronted Richard Kennedy in his office, pressed the cold muzzle of a revolver to his head, and "while Kennedy shook like a jelly fish with terror," gave him one chance for his life. "I shall never forget," said Glover, "how that man begged for his life and swore that the black art was false and that mother had deceived me.

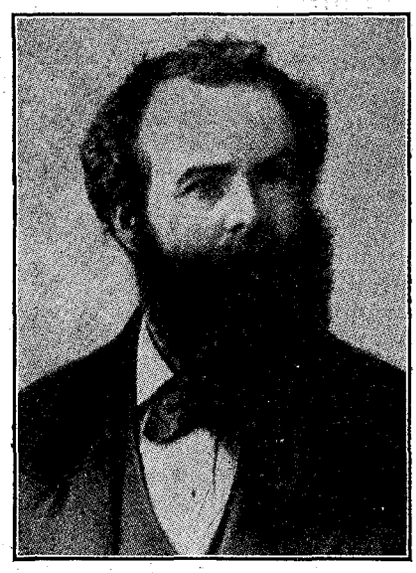
"But it did the business all right. We were not ordered out of another boarding house that winter. Mother seemed very much surprised when I told her what I had done, but she did not scold me . . . and in a few days she consented to let me return home to my wife and the little son I had not yet seen."

Poor Mrs. Eddy! Between men of too much action, and men of no action at all, she seemed destined to little help. There was no time to spend in repining over the failure of her hope in her son. For in the year that followed, troubles came thick and fast.

EARLY IN 1881, Edward J. Arens published a pamphlet entitled *Theology; or the Understanding of God as Applied to Healing the Sick.* It consisted of copious questions from *Science and Health* with substitutions, additions, and variations of his own upon the general theme. In his preface he stated that he made no claim for the originality of the ideas and doctrine contained in the pamphlet, since it had been practiced by Jesus and his apostles, by the secret association of priests known as the "Gottesfreunde" in the fourteenth century, and in the nineteenth century by P. P. Quimby of Belfast, Me. He added that he had also made use of "some thoughts contained in a work by Eddy."

Arens now took his place, transcending for the moment even Kennedy as chief of the demonologists.

The third edition of *Science and Health* appeared with a preface signed by Asa G. Eddy denouncing Arens as a



JAMES ACKLAND

Professor of phrenolgy and director of the Christian Science Church at its organization

plagiarist in terms more reminiscent of his wife's vocabulary than his own:

"It would require ages and God's mercy to make the ignorant hypocrite who published that pamphlet originate its contents. His pratings are colored by his character, they cannot impart the hue of ethics, but leave his own impress on what he takes. He knows less of metaphysics than any decently honest man. . . .

"If simply writing at the commencement of a work, 'I have made use of some thoughts of Emerson,' gave one the right to walk over the author's copyrights and use page after page of his writings verbatim, publishing them as his own, any fool might aspire to authorship and any villain become the expounder of truth."

Included in that volume was the since famous chapter entitled "Demonology." It is certainly one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of religious literature, and although it appeared in the editions of 1881, and the two editions of 1882, it is doubtful if many Christian Scientists today believe its existence to be anything more than a myth. All references to it are carefully expunged from the later writings of the church, and references to it by outsiders are somehow felt to be an unwarranted attack upon Mrs. Eddy and the truth. No amount of explanation and no interpretation can drown the resounding and terrified voice of the Leader in that chapter. No denial of its personalities can convert that chapter into a parable. Her fear so pressed upon her that her words rush out hysterically, like the words of a frightened woman attempting to tell you in a single breath the details of some horrifying gossip:

"The husband of a lady who was the patient of this malpractitioner poured out his grief to us and said: 'Dr. K—— has destroyed the happiness of my home, ruined my wife, etc.;' and after that, he finished with a double crime by destroying the health of that wronged husband so that he died. . . . The symptoms and circumstances of the cases, and the diagnosis of their diseases, proved the unmistakable fact. His career of crime surpasses anything that minds in general can accept at this period. We advised him to marry a young lady whose affection he had won, but he refused; subsequently she was wedded to a nice young man, and then he alienated her affections from her husband.

"Never but one of our students was a voluntary malpractitioner; he had made many others. . . . This malpractitioner tried his best to break down our health before we learned the cause of our sufferings. It was difficult for us to credit the facts of his malice or to admit they lie within the pale of mortal thought.

"The Nero of today, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of individuals, is repeating history, and will fall upon his own sword, and it shall pierce him through. Let him remember this when, in the dark recesses of thought, he is robbing, committing adultery, and killing; when he is attempting to turn friend away from friend, ruthlessly stabbing the quivering heart; when he is clipping the thread of life, and giving to the grave youth and its rainbow hues; when he is turning back the reviving sufferer to her bed of pain, clouding her first

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morning after years of night; and the Nemesis of that hour shall point to the tyrant's fate, who falls at length upon the sword of justice."[1]

In October of 1881, eight of the oldest and most valuable of the original Lynn students resigned in a group. The letter of resignation read:

> We, the undersigned, while we acknowledge and appreciate the understanding of Truth imparted to us by our Teacher, Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, led by Divine Intelligence to perceive with sorrow that departure from the straight and narrow road (which alone leads to growth of Christ-like virtues) made manifest by frequent ebullitions of temper, love of money, and the appearance of hypocrisy, *cannot* longer submit to such Leadership; therefore, without aught of hatred, revenge, or petty spite in our hearts, from a sense of duty alone, to her, the Cause, and ourselves, do most respectfully withdraw our names from the Christian Science Association and Church of Christ (Scientist).
>
> S. Louise Durant,
> Margaret J. Dunshee,
> Dorcas B. Rawson,
> Elizabeth G. Stuart,
> Jane L. Straw,
> Anna B. Newman,
> James C. Howard,
> Miranda R. Rice.
>
> 21st October, 1881.

Mrs. Eddy promptly announced that these students were under the influence of mesmerism, disregarded the resignations, notified them that they were liable to expulsion, and summoned them to appear before the Church on October 29th. They in turn disregarded the summons to appear, and at the meeting of October 29th, two other important students, Mrs. F. A. Damon, and Miss A. A. Draper, secretary of the Church, tendered their resignations, which stated that they "could no longer entertain the subject of mesmerism which had lately been made uppermost in the meetings and in Mrs. Eddy's talks."

This was the order for retreat from Lynn. The furniture was packed and left standing in crates and boxes in the dismantled rooms of the Broad St. house, the keys given into the hands of one of the still faithful students, arrangements made for the forwarding of letters through another student, and Mr. and Mrs. Eddy left quietly for Washington. They reached the Capitol in mid-winter, and remained until the beginning of April. Arthur Buswell had been sent to Cincinnati in the hope that a suitable base might be established there, but the field had proved unfruitful, and it had been decided to concentrate the work in Boston. If the demonologists were to be coped with, it would need a bold attack.

If the word "retreat" suggests that the leader was dispirited or downcast, the idea is at once dispelled by the letters written by Mrs. Eddy to her beloved and cherished student, Mrs. Clara Choate, who was with the Boston students preparing the way for the leader's return. The letters are filled with hope and vitality, and give us again a glimpse of that powerful and magnetic personality which exercised so great a charm upon men and women alike throughout the life of this extraordinary woman. If she feared the demons still, the fear but lent her strength, and her spirit was unsubdued.

Although she cautions Mrs. Choate in each letter to tell no one where she is or what she writes, and gives her instructions as to sending the letters through another address and bids her "since it is as it is, please mail your letters to me in another's handwriting and put in different boxes," and tell the other loyal students to do the same, —these admonitions are given quite as a matter of fact, and in postscripts at the end of the long cheery letters. And although she writes that "the demons are at work here in some respects as hard as ever they worked, and in the old way," she says, "but they can't kill me or stop my labors," and, "I am above it all, my words go over the fury of the storm with their 'peace, be still'," and these things are merely interspersed among affectionate expressions of the warmest gratitude to her "darling student" who is so courageously carrying on the good work in Boston.

Mrs. Eddy is delighted with Washington,—"There is not in America so handsome a city as this, I do believe;" she and "the Doctor" have rooms at 13 First St. N.E., for which she says they pay $100 per month, "front and rear parlors, with board." "My front parlor commands the most magnificent view of the entire Capitol and grounds," and "at this hour of writing, I am sitting at a desk" with "only the width of a street between me and the grounds that surround the capitol." On Feb. 6th, she writes, "I have awakened a *ripple* of interest in this beautiful grand old City." By Feb. 28th she is writing:

"I have worked harder here than ever. Fourteen consecutive evenings I have lectured three hours every night besides what else I am about. Get to bed at 12, rise at 6, and *work*. I have a goodly number already enlisted in the work. . . ."

In each letter she sends "the doctor's" love and her own, "Give my love to all my dear students and take a Benjamin portion yourself." An intimate touch is given in the messages she sends to Mrs. Choate's little son, never forgetting "love and a kiss to dear Warren," who seems to have been a great favorite with her, and who apparently sent her messages through his mother. "Tell him I know who the little boy in Boston is," and in another postcript, referring apparently to some enclosure, "The hand with an unseen heart is for Warren. Many thanks for the paper. Hanover had sent three. Yes, I like those resolutions."

The resolutions referred to had appeared in the Lynn *Union* of Feb. 3rd, and in an earlier letter (Feb. 6th) she had asked Mrs. Choate to send her a copy of the newspaper. The resolutions, evidence of the industry and loyalty of the Boston group, denounce the rebellious students, brand the charges as falsehoods and persecutions, aver their faith in Mrs. Eddy—declaring with a hint of the apotheosis to come:

"We do understand her to be the chosen messenger of God to bear his truth to the nations, and unless we hear 'Her Voice,' we do not hear 'His Voice.'"

In April of 1882, a large silver plate bearing the inscription "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" appeared upon the door of the substantial greystone residence at 569 Columbus Avenue in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy had returned from Washington, Mrs. Choate had given them a party of welcome, and now with the Eddys ensconced in the Columbus Avenue house, Christian Science had definitely adopted Boston as its home.

Among Mrs. Eddy's staunchest supporters at this time were the Choates, Josephine Curtis Woodbury and her husband, Samuel P. Bancroft, Hanover

1. Science and Health (1881), p. 38, chap. 6.

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P. Smith, Julia Bartlett, E. H. Hammond, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Fifield, Delia S. Manley and her husband, and Calvin A. Frye, a machinist then thirty-seven years old, of Lawrence, Mass.

The Choates, the Woodburys, and Calvin Frye were all later to play important parts in the history of the Christian Science movement.

But Mrs. Eddy was to suffer another serious blow. With the students enrolled for the new class, her public lectures again begun in Hawthorne Hall, and everything ready for fresh success, her husband, Asa G. Eddy began to show signs of serious illness. Or, as Mrs. Eddy and their friends said, "a disturbed mental condition, which was manifested physically." Mrs. Eddy declared at once that it was the work of Arens, and that Mr. Eddy's symptoms were those of arsenical poisoning, arsenic being the particular drug by which she identified the influence of Arens. She was overwhelmed with work, and this new manifestation of evil seemed directly designed by the demonologists to interfere with her new activities. The ever patient Gilbert begged her to go on with her classes, which she did. He, too, was as firmly convinced that he suffered from the "poison" directed toward him by the demonologists and particularly by Arens.

Mr. Eddy's condition became alarming and Mrs. Eddy called in Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, a medical doctor of good standing. Dr. Noyes diagnosed the case as a well-defined valvular disease of the heart, in an acute stage, and said that he might die at any moment.

Mrs. Eddy refused to accept this statement, and although Dr. Noyes saw the patient twice after his first visit, and prescribed the usual diet, hygiene, and heart tonics, Mrs. Eddy held to her belief that her husband's illness was due to no physical cause, and continued to treat him for "arsenical poison, mentally administered."

Mr. Eddy made several slight rallies, and Mrs. Eddy brought him through these attacks. She seems genuinely to have loved Gilbert Eddy, and would lay her face close to his and murmur, "Gilbert, Gilbert, do not suffer so." The helpers who surrounded her did what they could to lift the burden, and Gilbert himself heroically treated himself daily against the mesmerists, and declared in the face of his illness and despair that he could "handle the belief."

569 AND 571 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON
Where Mrs. Eddy lived successively and where the Massachusetts Metaphysical College was established

On the night of June 2nd, hardly more than a month after their arrival in Boston, Mr. Eddy was stricken with an attack which proved fatal. He died a few hours before dawn on the morning of June 3rd. Mrs. Eddy, worn with anxiety and many duties, had retired for the night, and was not called by the students in attendance until after her husband had expired.

Immediately after Mr. Eddy's death, Mrs. Eddy summoned Dr. Noyes, and requested him to perform an autopsy. It was her belief that the autopsy would show the physical effects of arsenic which although "mentally administered," would be the same as if produced by the actual drug. Dr. Noyes performed the autopsy and reported that Mr. Eddy had died from an organic disease of the heart. Mrs. Eddy was not convinced, and although Dr. Noyes exhibited the heart to her, pointing out and explaining its condition and defects, she still held to her original belief that mesmerism had caused the death.

Mr. Eddy had died early on Saturday morning, and Mrs. Eddy promptly issued a statement to the press which appeared in the Boston *Post* on Monday, June 5th.

"My husband's death was caused by malicious mesmerism . . . . I know it was poison that killed him, no material poison, but mesmeric poison. My husband was in uniform health, and but seldom complained of any kind of ailment. During his brief illness, just preceding his death, his continual cry was, 'Only relieve me of this continual suggestion, through the mind, of poison, and I will recover.'

"This is not the first case known of where death has occurred from what appeared to be poison, and was so declared by the attending physician, but in which the body, on being thoroughly examined by an autopsy, was shown to possess no signs of material poison. There was such a case in New York. Every one at first declared poison to have been the cause of death, as the symptoms were all there; but an autopsy contradicted the belief, and it was shown that the victim had had no opportunity for procuring poison. I afterwards learned that she had been very active in advocating the merits of our college. Oh, isn't it terrible, that this fiend of malpractice is in the land! The only remedy that is effectual in meeting this terrible power possessed by the evil-minded is to counteract it by the same method that I use in counteracting poison. They require the same remedy. Circumstances debarred me from taking hold of my husband's case. He declared himself perfectly capable of carrying himself through, and I was so entirely absorbed in business that I permitted him to try, and when I awakened to the danger it was too late. I have cured worse cases before, but took hold of them in time . . . . I do believe it was the rejected

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Impressionists of Sport

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THE SCENE is the press box of the Stade Roland Garros in Paris during the second afternoon of the Challenge Round for the Davis Cup late last July. Four of us are sitting together in a row as we have sat at the same time for several years, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German and an American. Edward J. Sampson is the always entertaining correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian;* Jean Samazeuilth the Bordelais writes for the *Mirror des Sports* and also for the *Petite Gironde.* Dr. Walter Bing is watching the match for the *Vossiche Zeitung* of Berlin and I am there for a New York daily.

All of us are professional writers on sports, all four of us are or were tennis players. Sampson was champion of his county, Lancashire, more than once; Samazeuilth served four years in the trenches and had enough resiliency to become champion of France in 1921; Dr. Bing, the good natured Frankforter, was a fine player until he left a leg upon the Russian front in 1916. As the crowd gathers Samazeuilth stands up and removes his large cowboy hat to wipe his forehead.

"Zut . . . it makes hot. And one is pressed here in this newspaper tribune."

"Yes," suggests Dr. Bing, "it is this American with his infernal writing machine that takes up the room. Why do all American journalists use a machine?"

"At Wimbledon," Sampson recalls, "only the Americans out of three hundred pressmen used typewriters. One could pick them out by their clicking."

"That is all very well for you gentlemen. Bing goes down stairs and telephones Berlin after the match. Samazeuilth writes his copy and hands it to the operator after dinner; so do you, Sampson. But I am writing a running account of the match in a foreign language which must go immediately."

"Ah, but you lose so much," retorts the Englishman, "sitting there with your nose buried in your machine. So does Bing with his everlasting statistics."

"Yes," echoes Samazeuilth, "look at those innumerable ruled sheets of paper. What are those for, Docteur?"

The good docteur exhibits his ruled paper marked with red and blue pencil marks. "It is so—so I keep the score. Each game I record, and each point. For France in red, for Amerika in blue. Yes . . . so . . . now, when a service is broken through I write, here in the margin, in green, 6-5, you see? And each point I know . . . the first point in the second game Borotra smashed a lob outside, the next point Van Ryn double faulted. . . ."

"But, my Old One," interrupts Samazeuilth with just a trace of impatience in his voice. "You and our American friend here are so busy writing you see nothing of the match."

The blue eyes of Dr. Bing opened wider. "So . . . but how must I do, then? What can I know when I must write of the match this evening?"

"You do this, hein?" And the blonde Bordelais sticks a tattered envelope under the German's face. On the back is scribbled a half dozen notes, a few indescribable marks. The scorn of the other is intense.

"That . . . ah, that . . . it is nothing. . . ."

"But my dear friends . . . do you not realize that all sport, that lawn tennis especially is not a thing of lines and rules and cataloguing? No, it is a thing of beauty," and the Frenchman positively rolled the word out, "of beauty, a thing of charm, a thing of the spirit. But above all a thing of beauty; the beauty of those sparkling ripostes of Borotra's at short range, of Cochet's nonchalant half volleys, of Allison's deep smashes—those are the things you cannot capture with your colored pencils and ruled lines and erasers, those are the things you must feel to be able to describe, you cannot chart them."

"True, Samazeuilth," suggested Sampson, "but Bing is right to this extent, he at least knows the important points and how they were made."

"As for that . . . I do not care for a mere tabulation of points. A match of tennis is a question of impressions, not of statistics. This business of writing down the nets, outs, aces, is idiotic; in fact it often conveys the wrong idea of a match."

"I agree as to that," rejoined the Englishman, "more often than not the sports writers simply write to the score. Thus if Tilden loses the first set and wins the second he invariably 'raises his game.' There is no information, no word picture, nothing conveyed by which one is enabled to visualize the actual contest."

The four players appear on the court. Redelsperger, the big umpire, climbs into the chair. Bing and I bend over our work, while Samazeuilth shakes his head in despair as Borotra makes mistake after mistake, misses easy shots. From time to time he puts down a mystical sign on the back of his envelope. Sampson next to him is watching the scene with cool detachment. Every few minutes he writes a sentence or two in his tiny handwriting upon the sheet before him. Meanwhile Dr. Bing, the sweat pouring from his face, leans diligently over his copy, now grabbing a red pencil, now a blue one, now writing hastily in plain lead. At last the match ends, the four of us pile into a taxi and set out through the leafy Bois, our nerves a-tingle over the unexpected defeat of the champions of France by two unknown young collegians from America.

"Amazing that two kids like that should have won in straight sets. And in the second they had three set points against them and won it nevertheless," I suggested.

The others assented. All but Dr. Bing. He was sure the French never once had set point. While the taximeter was clicking off two francs fifty he rummaged through his voluminous notes, emerging at last triumphant.

"In the twelfth game? No, you are wrong. The score was thirty all, forty thirty for Van Ryn, deuce, advantage and game. No, nor in the fourteenth either."

We looked at each other. "That's strange," said Sampson. "I could have been sure the French had three set points." Samazeuilth was sure also; but faced with notes taken on the spot we had to admit we were all mistaken. Impressionists, compared to the painstaking, careful German.

The sequel came the next morning when the Paris edition of the *Herald* was brought up with my *petit dejeuner.*

"In the second set," read the story of the match, "Borotra and Cochet reached set point three times in the twelfth game of the second set on Van Ryn's service."

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"Ueberfremdung"

By T. R. YBARRA

WHEREVER one goes in post-war Europe one hears tales about the Americanization threatening every European country. The latest of these tales, dealing with a phase of Americanization which, in scope and possibilities, overshadows all the rest recounted of late, comes from Germany. The Germans telling it are so alarmed about it that they have raked up a word from the depths of the German language to denote this newest offspring of the Americanization monster.

They call it "Ueberfremdung." This can be translated only in a roundabout way. It means the excessive participation of foreign capital in German industry. And it is American capital that constitutes most of the "Ueberfremdung" peril, German alarmists assert; it is from the United States that most of the money has been pouring which, they insist, may soon wrest control from Germans of their greatest industries.

The smash on the American stock exchanges has served to check somewhat the flow of American capital into Germany, to the huge relief of its Teutonic opponents. Nevertheless, they are still in a state of great apprehension—most especially on account of the new form in which American dollars have been pouring of late into Germany.

Formerly foreign capital entered Germany almost entirely in the form of loans obtained by Germans in foreign money markets, which entailed no acquisition by foreigners of direct influence in the management of the concerns floating the loans. Of late, however, foreign capital, especially American, is invading Germany in the form of foreign-owned stock in German industrial concerns. Those at the head of some of these concerns are turning over huge blocks of shares to foreigners, thinking only of their urgent need of money and ignoring the fact that eventually foreign interests may become dominant.

Already, it is estimated, one-fourth of the total amount of capital behind German industrial concerns comes from abroad. Of this, a little less than one-half is American. This represents, roughly, the direct investment in German industrial organizations of about $500,000,000 of American money. Side by side with the American invasion of Germany goes that from other countries—Sweden, Switzerland, Great Britain, Holland, etc.

Early this year Germans sat up and gasped with astonishment and apprehension when the General Motors Company reached out across the Atlantic and acquired about three-fourths of the stock of the great Opel automobile factory, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the German Rhineland. The stock thus acquired totaled in value about $30,000,000. As the Opel Works are, to Germany, somewhat analogous to the Ford Factory in America and the Citroën works in France, the significance to German industry of this early victory of "Ueberfremdung" may easily be imagined.

The latest and most sensational warning about "Ueberfremdung" came from quite another quarter—from the heart of a German industry far more powerful, in its international relations, than the German automobile industry.

Herr Carl von Siemens, director of the vast Siemens electrical organization, the biggest not only in Germany but in Europe, declared, in a recent speech, that "Ueberfremdung," in the form of invading American capital, was reaching out for the German electrical industry and that it might eventually get control there unless checked. Though he mentioned no names, it was obvious that Siemens was aiming his shafts at the most powerful competitor of the Siemens group in the German electrical field, the "Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft," familiarly known to Germans as the A. E. G. For the A. E. G. recently turned over to the General Electric company, of the United States, a huge block of its shares. That, according to Siemens, is "Ueberfremdung" in its most dangerous form. The interests of which he is the head have confined themselves, when they sought American capital, to getting it in the form of loans.

There is fear in the Siemens camp that warfare against itself is going to be waged by American electrical interests wrongfully hiding behind German allies. Hence there is an element of business jealousy behind the outburst of Herr von Siemens.

The A. E. G. reacted fiercely to his criticism. Its spokesmen repudiated all charges of lack of patriotism, likewise the accusation that their action in turning over a block of their stock to Americans might entail American domination of their policy. But Siemens and those who think as he does have remained impervious to such reasoning. The road taken by the Opel concern and the A. E. G. heads straight to ultimate foreign control, they still assert.

For some years past Americans have been looking with more and more interest toward Germany. Numerous American companies which, even as late as two years ago, were only in the preliminary stages of developing the German field, are now operating their own factories in Germany. Often they are camouflaged to resemble German-owned concerns, but the fact remains that, despite external trimmings, they may be American-owned even up to one hundred per cent.

So great is the alarm felt among Germans at the inroads of "Ueberfremdung," especially in its American form, that recently a most significant radio program, under governmental auspices, was broadcast all over Germany. Its main feature was a two-hour play, in the cast of which were some sinister American capitalists, who were shown surreptitiously buying up the stock of a German manufacturing company.

Finally, at a meeting of the company, the Americans suddenly break the news to the amazed German directors that they have, by hook or by crook (mostly the latter) obtained a majority of the stock.

The directors are beside themselves with surprise and anger. The German head of the concern, leaping to his feet, makes an impassioned speech, in which he paints in dire colors the consequences bound to result, both to the company and to Germany in general, from the machinations of the Americans.

But it is too late! The Americans have got a strangle-hold on the concern.

With grins of malicious glee they proceed to dictate the names of an entirely new Board of Directors—all Americans! Another sweeping victory for "Ueberfremdung!"

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

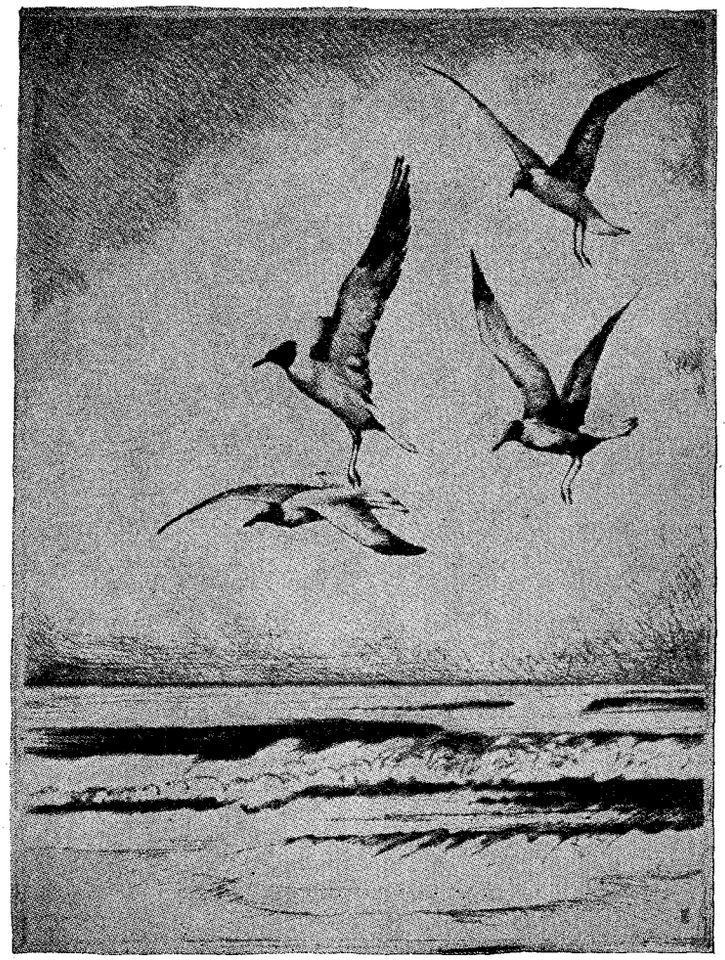
An American Achievement

IT IS NOW thirty years since Mr. Dreiser wrote *Sister Carrie,* twenty since the appearance of *Jennie Gerhardt,* and five since that of *An American Tragedy.* This means that for thirty years he has been a figure in American literature, a force for twenty, and a power for five. The two volumes before us, *A Gallery of Women*[1], increase his stature on every count; they translate him in truth to the realm of the question mark. Having to his credit an achievement of this order, what will he do next?

From the very beginning, Mr. Dreiser, like Ibsen, though the actual influence, of Ibsen on him may be negligibly tenuous, has realized that women always rock the cradle and frequently the boat. He reveals no shadow of inclination to depart from this conviction in the fifteen portraits that make up *A Gallery of Women,* and associated with this gallery of women is a galaxy of men, at the head of which stands Mr. Dreiser himself. He knew these women, or he knew women who knew them, or better still, he knew men who knew them. The study in all its greatness reminds somewhat of an experienced speaker who sits down realizing, to his perturbation and embarrassment, that he forgot the best things he had to say. Mr. Dreiser has had voluminous experience with the exploitation of women as types in fiction. Here he has gathered up the loose ends, noted down the finer points he had previously forgotten, woven the whole into an immense sorority, and laid in the lap of the American people as stimulating a study of American women as has been produced since the first white woman tiptoed around over here in the days of Leif Ericson.

In the story entitled "Ellen Adams Wrynn," Mr. Dreiser says that "you may never have seen a woman or a landscape such as Cezanne shows in his canvases, but after seeing them you can never forget them, for you will see them again in life." It is precisely so with the fifteen portraits here painted. Each is objective, discreet, utterly truthful, quite conservative, and as kind as kind can be. If Mr. Dreiser's women fall, he feels sorry for them; if they win, he ascribes it to their common sense and not to some wild-eyed theory that beset them in their worst days; if they pass out of his life without leaving a syllable of connection behind, he hopes that they eventually come upon good days.

Of the various little novels, "Giff" in the first volume is the queerest while "Bridget Mullanphy," which concludes the second volume, is the most easily located. The Irish of this tale from the ash-can quarter of lower New York is so pronounced that it seems almost out of place along with such creations as "Lucia," "Olive Brand," and "Emanulea." In "Ernita," also a glorious story, Mr. Dreiser makes much out of the fact that in Russia the expressions "It is" and "It happens" are used so solemnly that they come to be looked upon as winged words. It is even so with the vitality, the beauty, the meanness, the ugliness that make up the factual phases of these winning novelettes. Each is; each happens. If you catch yourself reading one story with unseemly despatch you forgive yourself on the ground that you are merely in haste to see how good the next one will be, the present one being excellent to a most positive degree.



LAUGHING GULLS

An etching by Emerson Tuttle in "Wild Honey" by Samuel Scoville, Jr. (Little Brown & Co.)

Will Mr. Dreiser survive? Will he be read in the year 2029? If so the Professor will then take him up. Not before. Colleges take up writers after the sidewalks have made them. But suppose the Professor were to take up Dreiser now! How he could comment on his strange language! Mr. Dreiser uses many times the expression "no least." Why did he not say "not the least?" Where did he fall in love with such odd words as "chemism," and "varietistic?" Then there is the unfailing theme of sources. It is much to be doubted whether Mr. Dreiser has read any great writer who is not mentioned by the fifteen women in this museum, or institution; and there are approximately one hundred in all. Mr. Dreiser's "sources" then would make a singularly fruitful theme for search and research; and it would be all the more captivating because of his own indurate American-

1. Liveright $5.00.

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ism. And fancy what a professor of sociology could make out of "Ida Hauchawout!" And if "Reina," "Rella," and "Rona Murtha" were printed separately, what a textbook they would make on the traditionally insubstantial subject of ethics!

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Diana, by Emil Ludwig: Viking. Reviewed in this issue.

Windlestraws, by Phyllis Bottome: Houghton, Mifflin. A story of English society which details the triumph of a high-minded woman over a Circe. Emotional, and marked by subtle analysis of motives and character.

Non-Fiction

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. The high-hearted traveler and publicity man writes about his adventures in Central America.

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant, highly readable historical essay with an interesting comparison of Richelieu to Bismarck. Reviewed Nov. 20.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katherine Anthony: Knopf. This admirable study of the Virgin Queen will sustain the renewed interest of readers in the Tudor period. Reviewed Oct. 9.

A Gallery of Women is in every way a momentous creation; and the most suggestive thing about it is that it should be created just now; for it is written out of American life. If it can now be read into American life with the same sympathetic intelligence that prompted its inditement, the fifty-two per cent of our population that Mr. Dreiser has never been able to leave alone will know more about itself.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

TWO NOVELS by Emil Ludwig which appeared in Germany eleven years ago have been revised by the author and are now published here as one two volume novel, *Diana*[2]. The carpenter was doubtless clever, but he did not join his pieces perfectly. There is a crack down the middle. The publishers of *Diana* suggest a comparison to Michael Arlen's stories of high and gamey society. Diana, the heroine, indeed moves in lofty circles, surrounded by titles. One feels certain that she uses Ponds Two Creams and knows all the czaristocrats. She is a lady of alarming fascination, wedded to freedom and the chase. A formidable number of her victims figure in the story, and in soliloquy she mentions others. In Berlin and Paris, in turbulent Balkan capitals and on Mediterranean shores—scenes made vivid by Ludwig—she pursues her quarry, and many men die the death. She speaks strange languages like a native, rides and swims like a boy, dresses like Mrs. Fellowes, knows vintage wines likes old Saintsbury, talks like a scientific treatise or like a pastoral lyric, and acts like all unchaste Dianas. As a singer of loose-limbed goddesses, Ludwig is not as amusing as Michael Arlen. But he is more interesting in his presentation of Diana's final (at least, so far as this book is concerned) victim, Prince Edouard, the most important character of the second volume. This petty German princeling is a recognizable, sentimental type, cleverly handled. Ludwig has facility in the presentation of titillating situations, and can make a little plot go a long way. His dialogue is loaded with German epigram and badinage. His many love scenes are heavy and thick. The banality of *Diana* and its trivial style cannot be the result of poor translation, for one knows the sound work of Eden and Cedar Paul. *Diana* is obviously immature work. Perhaps Ludwig, watching his American vogue wane, decided to take his profits on the early work. No doubt they will be considerable. If half the readers who thought *Napoleon* a great book make the same mistake about *Diana,* he should be satisfied.

Author's introductions to the works of their friends are not always reliable. But Liam O'Flaherty has not said too much in introducing *Bitter Waters*[3] by his friend Heinrich Hauser. This novel, winner of the Gerhart Hauptmann prize in Germany, is a moving story of a simple soul in brutal surroundings. The

2. Viking $5.00
3. Liveright: Translated By Patrick Kirwan: $2.50.

"Of Intense Human Interest"

FOR THE DEFENCE

The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall

BY EDWARD MARJORIBANKS

"A sort of super-detective story and crime 'omnibus' which, in outlining all the sensational cases with which Sir Edward was concerned, provides many of the thrills of crime fiction based on actual court records . . . should prove irresistible."—*N. Y. Evening Post*

"The graphic story of an exciting life."—*The Outlook and Independent*

Second Large Printing

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story has little plot and much atmosphere. It is the tale of a sailor, who, longing passionately for land and a home, picks up a half-breed beauty in a Tampico dive and takes her home to live on his deserted northern sea coast farm. There her poor tawdry heart freezes quietly, until, at last, a Hamburg dance-hall warms it again into life, and her sailor leaves her, with the philosophy of his kind, and goes to sea again. In this direct and simple book, human emotion pours through channels made by imperceptible but certain art. The publishers of *Bitter Waters* describe it as powerful realism. It will be found to be almost pure poetry.

A really useful book on art in America has been badly wanted for some time. Suzanne LaFollette has written such a book, based on long study and sound judgment, in language which the layman can follow.[4] The early chapters give an excellent history of the arts in the colonies and the young nation, with emphasis, as might be expected upon handicrafts. Miss LaFollette then takes up the various schools which developed in the middle Nineteenth Century, discussing the work not only of men whose names are generally well known but also that of such painters as Ryder and Eakins whom she places, with Winslow Homer, at the top of American painting, and whose work, long appreciated by critics and artists, is just beginning to be widely understood. (Incidentally, there is an Eakins show in New York now which is worth seeing.) Miss LaFollette then leaves painting and sculpture for a space to discuss architecture, applied arts and decorative work, and returns to them in her last chapters which are given to a study of contemporary plastic art. Here she enters what is more completely the realm of opinion, and her judgments will not suit all readers. Every one will find what he considers unjustifiable omissions and inclusions. But the general tone of the book is neither dictatorial nor polemic, and the admirable background of social and economic conditions which is given for each period of art will do much to explain obscure tendencies to the uninitiated. In a recent book on criticism by Cazamian (Macmillan) we were interested to find the stimulating theory that the plastic arts have invariably moved more rapidly in the development of new styles than literature, and that impressionism in painting, already passed, was an expression of the attempt at discontinuity so evident in contemporary writing. Such links which tie the plastic arts to the more familiar and easily understood art of writing are helpful. Readers will find in Miss LaFollette's books many such helps to the simplification of an unreasonably difficult subject.

From "Miss Pert's Christmas Tree," written and illustrated by J. Paget-Fredericks (Macmillan)

In *Genius in Love and Death*[5] Paul Wiegler, a noted German critic, is introduced to American readers in a translation by Carl Raushenbush. It is a series of biographical portraits which reveal by their brevity as by their intensity the psychology of the subjects; and the sketches have some of the qualities which made Marcel Schwob's *Vies Imaginaires* a delight to read.

Wiegler has chosen for his studies of passion and fate a group of figures which includes Abelard and Heloise, Byron, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Flaubert, Goethe, and, selecting such facts connected with their last days as suit his purpose, has turned upon them an imagination like a white searchlight. In its beam large, vague figures become minute and distinct. Such a combination of fact and fiction is common to the work of most prominent contemporary biographers and often appears more significant than it actually is. Wiegler is evidently a stylist, and, as we are all willing to concede, it is difficult to judge such work in translation. His language is terse, telegraphic even, clear and forceful; a manner quite as safe in his hands as it is dangerous in those of less able writers who affect it. It is well suited to biographical vignettes.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

"COARSE and vulgar," says Ontario's Deputy Minister of Education, of *All Quiet on the Western Front* as he refuses it circulation in libraries under provincial control, thus ranging himself, frown on brow, hand in coat bosom, beside the other Mussolini impersonators who have followed il Duce's example in suppressing this book on a sound production of which, by the way, Universal Film has started work. ♣ ♣ ♣ Publishers are making hay of Wall Street while the sun of public interest still shines upon the recent disturbances in that district. The latest item brought to our notice is *People vs. Wall Street*, by William Floyd, a mock trial satirizing the financial world, to be pub. in January by Vanguard. ♣ ♣ ♣ "The Nobel Prize should have been awarded to Arno Holz, and not to me," says Thomas Mann. Holz died in poverty just before the prize was announced. Although little known in this country, his work has had a great deal of influence on modern German literature. ♣ ♣ ♣ Arthur E. Bostwick's *The American Public Library*[6], completely revised and much enlarged, has just been published in a fourth edition. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Ship of Truth*, by Lettice Ulpha Cooper, is the winner in the Hodder & Stoughton thousand-pound prize contest for the best religious novel. It will be pub. in America by Little Brown in the spring. Some 400 manuscripts were entered. Personally, we don't approve of prize contests. Perhaps because we once read some 2000 short MSS., and after the first dozen they all looked so much alike that we were totally incapable of deciding which was the best—or even which was the worst. Next time we shan't read any of them, but shall pick one blindfold, because you can only satisfy one contestant anyway, and it doesn't make much difference which one. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Two Thousand Years of Science*[7] is a simply and clearly written résumé of the growth of science from early times down to the present, and of the most recent developments in each of its branches.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

4. Art in America: Harper $5.00.
5. Boni $2.50.
6. Appleton, $3.00.
7. By R. J. Harvey-Gibson: Macmillan, $4.00.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

THE rather large company who have been reading Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* (Macmillan) and the logical conclusion to this position found in *The Modern Temper* by Joseph Wood Krutch (Harcourt, Brace and Co.), ought in fairness to themselves to read *Truths to Live By* (Henry Holt), from the pen of J. Elliot Ross, lecturer in religious education at Columbia University. This is an unusually readable presentation of the basic positions of vital religion. As a college lecturer, constantly in touch with students, Dr. Ross is alive to all the perplexities which torment the modern mind. He deals with them in candor but he makes clear that the difficulties in the way of theistic belief are outweighed by the difficulties which confront atheism. Dr. Ross writes as a Roman Catholic, but his carefully reasoned statement of religious truth will commend itself far outside his own communion.

From "The Tangle-coated Horse" by Ella Young (Longmans, Green)

In so many of the attacks made upon organized religion one has the feeling that the critics are hurling their shafts against the Church of their childhood—they haven't entered one since. It would be in point for them to inform themselves of what the churches are actually doing today. *Religion Lends a Hand* by James Myers (Harper) tells concretely what the Church is doing towards solving some of the problems of present day society. The method of the book is that of the case study. A dozen various types of approach, from a study of the milk situation in Chicago to the "Reconciliation Trips" in New York, are described. This book should prove a useful corrective to that glib criticism which assumes that the Church does nothing except to preach an outworn creed. Moreover, it is a fair question as to how far it is true that the Church is preaching an outworn creed. There are certainly an increasing number of clergymen who are not. Among them is James F. Halliday, a Congregational pastor, author of *Robbing Youth of Its Religion* (Henry Holt). This is a spiritual autobiography in which the author tells of how his religion was shot away by a philosophy course in college. He was robbed of his religion but he came to see that it was not a college which had robbed him but his Christian home and his Christian Church because neither had been oriented to the scientific view of the universe. It is because of this failure that youth is gravely questioning the Church today. But, Halliday is convinced, the youth of today will respond to the call of those religious leaders who have the spiritual stature to say, "The Christian is the person who honestly tries to live out the spirit and the teachings of Jesus, nothing more, nothing less." Here is a book genuinely constructive but one which religious traditionalists may well take to heart. It is withal an account of a fascinating spiritual pilgrimage.

It is likely that one of the forces working for Church unity is this vigorous attack being made upon religion in our modern world. It follows as a natural reaction that the churches are to some extent being driven together by the inroads of secularism. On the other hand nothing is more effectual in keeping them apart than the conviction which seems to prevail in a number of our great religious bodies that their form of organization and their deposit of truth is veritably that handed down from the apostolic Church. In *The Primitive Church* by Canon Streeter (Macmillan) there is a scholarly survey of the origins of Christian organizational forms. Using the methods of scientific scholarship, the author comes to this significant conclusion, "The belief . . . that there is some one form of Church order which alone is primi-

(Please Turn to Page 638)

. . . to be informed about modern progress in religious thought read

THE QUEST OF THE AGES

By A. Eustace Haydon

Presents the indispensable background for an understanding of the drift of modern religion and the materials necessary to an appreciation of the rise of a new humanism in the modern world. "The religion presented in this book is the religion of the future. It behooves every intelligent person who would see what is coming, to read these pages."—*John Haynes Holmes.* $2.50

WHITHER CHRISTIANITY

Edited by Lynn Harold Hough

The title indicates the imperative timeliness of this book. In this day of change and flexible thinking, the discussion of where Christianity is going is of first importance. The following Protestant ministers summarize their religious beliefs: Niebuhr Krumbine, Gilkey, Atkins, Sockman, Nixon, Palmer, Roberts, Stafford, Day, Horton, Pidgeon, Hayden, Beaven and the editor. $3.00

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AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

DRAMATICALLY speaking, the old and the new entertained us magnificently last week—the revival of Lehar's *Merry Widow* with Beppie de Vries, and Jack Donahue's new show *Sons o' Guns* over which the glamour of Lily Damita shines like a rainbow. And when we say this last, we mean it. It may be just French art, or it may be Mlle. Damita herself: we don't know. But for a combination of artistic flirtation, with touching, almost spiritual beauty, Miss Damita is our choice for the World Court. She even made love scenes with Jack Donahue seem genuinely real—which, with all deference to that favorite dancing comedian, is something that doesn't happen every day.

And having thus confessed our infatuation, let us say at once that *Sons o' Guns* is, bar none, the gayest, most entertaining and genuinely satisfactory musical show we have seen this year. Everything seems to have combined for a happy outcome—the lilt of the music, the romantic settings of Mr. Urban, the inimitable talents of Jack Donahue, and a cast which seems shot from a champagne bottle.

It is impossible not to be carried away by the infectious gayety of this piece; always in good taste, sometimes genuinely moving emotionally, and decorated throughout with exceedingly tuneful music. Miss Damita can sing only very slightly, and Jack Donahue was never a candidate for the Metropolitan. But the dancing and acting of these two so far out-balances all other defects that only the dyspeptic can cavil. In fact, the show brings out hitherto unsuspected qualities in Jack Donahue, most of which (due to our infatuation) we more than half suspected were tributes to Miss Damita.

Only one thing detracted from the universal gayety of the thing. The whole piece is a romanticized presentation of the late War; the grim reality of which still runs like an undercurrent through us, which no amount of comic opera gayety can quite obscure. And, yet, even here *Sons o' Guns* does very well. There is actually a minimum of flag waving, if you can believe it, and it is quite apparent that the French and British also won the War. Indeed, the mixture of the armies constitutes much of the humor of the piece, since Mr. Donahue ends up as a soldier in both the British and American armies, and emerges finally disguised as a British officer with three German prisoners, whom he can't lose, and who end up apparently as his valets for life—Mr. Donahue playing the part of a rich young man of highly emotional proclivities.

People will stand in the aisles to see this show for many weeks, and no one in or out of New York who wants an entertaining evening, with music, should fail to make an effort to see it.

AND *The Merry Widow?* Well, it is even better than we remembered it, despite the years which have made much of its music haunting in more senses than one. Melodically speaking, of course, there are no surprises left in Lehar's operetta—if we except the incidental music which runs like an undertone through the piece, and after all these years has still an indescribable beauty.

Put on by the Jolson Theater company, the opera naturally lacks the magnificence of setting which once characterized it, and suffers particularly in its choruses from the age-old problem of voices vs. legs. But the vocal effects are adequate enough to justify the revival and in particular to make us glad of an opportunity to hear Beppie de Vries, whose singing and appearance are exceedingly pleasing and invested with personality, although she is not a good dancer.

Pleasing though *The Merry Widow* be, nevertheless, to all old timers, if both pieces were new productions of the moment, we should choose *Sons o' Guns* every time. But then, that probably isn't a choice based on the actual merits of the entertainments. It probably is because of Jack Donahue—or shall we confess it again, Lily Damita?

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
Many Waters
Strictly Dishonorable
Sweet Adeline
Bird in Hand
Journey's End
Little Show
Street Scene
It's a Wise Child
Berkeley Square
Fifty Million Frenchmen
Sons o' Guns

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
Gambling
Silver Swan
Heads Up
Sketch Book
Follow Thru
Candle Light
June Moon
Veneer
Game of Love and Death

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
Jenny
How's Your Health
Street Singer
Criminal Code
A Wonderful Night
Mendel Inc.
Young Sinners
Salt Water

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Taming of the Shrew"

THIS combination of William Shakespeare, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, making their first joint appearance on any screen, is one that may well lead the lowly film critic into a few discreet essays at dancing in the streets. That sport so much less infrequently possible to his brothers of the drama page.

This grand talking movie (which is far too short) can be compared, from any standpoint you like, with the best Shakespearean productions of all time. In our view, the part of Petruchio might have been written for Douglas Fairbanks, the Katherine of Mary Pickford is a thing of brilliant perception and the presentation is worthy of its principals.

You may not agree, and for several reasons: For one thing you may belong to the justifiably ample company who feel that in his lighter moments the Bard of Avon is, at best, something of a bore; you might have seen Ada Rehan and John Drew play Katherine and Petruchio and feel that no one else should profane the rôles for at least a century. You might recoil from the exuberance of Douglas Fairbanks; reject, as unorthodox, the repression of Mary Pickford. And, finally you are, perhaps, one of those hard-to-getters who doesn't like the talkies, even when they are good.

This talkie, nevertheless, is one that nine customers in every ten will enjoy, from the moment that Petruchio of Verona strides toward Batista's front steps, until Katherine has finished her celebrated homily on what every young wife should know.

If *The Taming of the Shrew* were longer, we should like it even better. Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford play into each other's hands so entertainingly that one is loath to find their post-nuptial doings coming to such an early close. One wonders why the opening scenes of their picture are so elaborate, while a thing as funny as the hat-fitting episode is omitted altogether. On the whole, however, we lean to the view that Mr. Shakespeare in the pruning has been well served. Most of what has been left out will not be missed if it *never* reappears, and what has been left in is all Shakespeare, and all delightful.

"General Crack"

FOR JOHN BARRYMORE'S first talking picture, the Warner Brothers have provided an elaborate vehicle that falls considerably short of being good enough for him.

General Crack is very impressive in many ways, and the reverse in others. Its cast includes Lowell Sherman and (in too brief a part,) Otto Matiesen. With the star himself, these actors give absolutely impeccable performances, in the most lavish of settings. The three of them handle some of the most banal lines ever typed with an ability that gives Walter Anthony, author of the dialogue, a series of breaks he never, never deserved. The same may be said of what the Messrs. Barrymore, Sherman and Matiesen do for Alan Crosland, who directed, and for his lighting expert. For these latter artisans cannot be very warmly felicitated on their portion of the entertainment either. Mr. Crosland gets some of his scenes badly balled up, and the gentleman who arranged the lighting did so with but little consideration for the eyesight of his audiences.

We are frank to say that the confusion, dim lighting and soggy dialogue here noted, proved so distracting that they came close to spoiling the picture for us. And, is there anything more completely exasperating than not being able to hear an actor? The almost total inaudibility of Marion Nixon, and other performers, was definitely irritating.

But in this picture John Barrymore is the same splendid actor he always is and the costumes and scenery are gorgeous. Taken as a whole the picture is quite worth-while and should be seen.

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Disraeli: George Arliss in an exact reproduction of his great stage success.

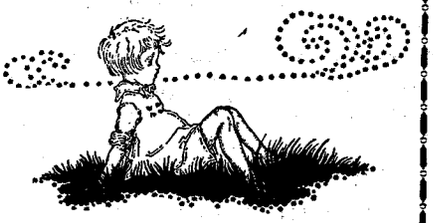
Welcome Danger: Harold Lloyd talks in this excessively funny picture, and you will like him better than ever.

Condemned: Ronald Colman plays it and Sidney Howard wrote it; but it's no **Bulldog Drummond.**

The Show of Shows: 77 stars, including John Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie and Frank Fay. We don't like big revues on the screen.

The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier in a generally good comedy with music. Ernst Lubitsch directed.

The Kiss: A silent picture, in which the fabulous Greta Garbo gets her usual weak story, but is beautifully directed by Jacques Feyder.



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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

CENSORSHIP IS NOT confined to Boston nor does it always function as openly as under the regime of Messrs. Curley, Crowley and Casey at the Hub. The talkies also have their troubles. In the leading article of next week's issue, "Lady Censors," Creighton Peet, motion picture critic for the New York Evening *Post*, describes the activities of the moral guardians in Hollywood.

CONTINUING OUR policy of independently investigating the less obvious phases of contemporary movements and events, we take pleasure in announcing a report on one aspect of the recent market break which has so far received little notice. In "Dark Days for Bootleggers" F. P. Dunne, Jr. describes the pitiful conditions now prevalent in the liquor industry as a result of the collapse of the stock market. With few exceptions, Mr. Dunne reports, the bootleggers have been wiped out. Bacchus is bankrupt. A period of depression faces us, furthermore, with lower prices, inferior goods, and more crime predicted. Mr. Dunne is an associate of the New York *World* and a contributor to the magazines.

THE PORTRAIT OF Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania by Ray T. Tucker, originally announced for the issue of December 11th as "'That Little Devil'" will appear next week with the title "Leader of the Status Quo." We now understand the feelings of the radio announcer who said "It's a pass! He's got it! Booth to Cagle! But it wasn't Cagle, and it wasn't a pass, it was a punt."

FIVE YEARS AFTER the establishment of Christain Science in Boston Mrs. Eddy, famous throughout the country, was living in a $40,000 house on Commonwealth Avenue. Although she was now well established and recognized, the ghost of Phineas Quimby returned to afflict her. In the eighth installment of "According to the Flesh" Mrs. Springer explains Mrs. Eddy's repudiation of Quimby and examines the charges that Mrs. Eddy was a drug addict.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W.R. BROOKS

A TYPE OF elevator which doesn't require a special shaft has been brought to our notice. There is a small steel runway fastened to the baseboard at the side of the stairs. Folding up against the wall, out of the way, is a seat about the size of a card table. All you do is pull down the seat, sit on it, press the electric control, and you glide easily up the stairs. The machinery which operates the elevator can be concealed in the cellar or under the stairs.

A SUGGESTION as to the sort of houses our grandchildren will be living in is given by the plans for a modern hanging home, suspended from a mooring mast, which a New York builder, Mr. R. B. Fuller, has developed in considerable detail. It is called the Dymaxion House—dynamic design and maximum area. It is hexagonal, 40 feet high and 50 feet in diameter, and is hung from a central steel mast which contains a sewage disposal tank, a fuel oil tank, an elevator and a power plant to supply heat, light and refrigeration at an estimated cost of $5 a month. The house is windowless, and encased in hollow panes of casein, each pane containing a vacuum. Light is brought in by a series of mirrors between the walls, and filtered air is supplied in the same way. Automatic devices reduce housework to 15 minutes a day. Closet doors are operated by photo-electric cells, so that they swing open like the doors in enchanted castles when you approach them. And when you want to move, all you do is hire a blimp, which will make fast to a ring at the top of the mast, pull your house up by the roots, and replant it in any locality you may indicate.

Undoubtedly such a house would have its advantages. If your neighbors have late parties, or you want to spend the summer at the seashore, all you need do is borrow a blimp from the nearest naval base. Most of this moving will probably be done most conveniently at night. You'll go to bed at night in the familiar urban surroundings and wake in the morning to the murmur of surf or the swish of pines. Of course there may be accidents. The cable may break and you may wake to find yourself living in railroad yards or the White House grounds or on top of a church, but as your house will have no windows, you won't mind that. It will be just one of those pleasant unexpected things that make life so interesting. Such traveling about the country more or less at random will certainly appeal to the vast horde of motor campers whom today you find in every roadside glen and grove, and "blimping" will no doubt become a national recreation.

Such houses, Mr. Fuller says, could be assembled in twenty-four hours, and could be produced in mass at a cost as low as $3,000 each. Comparing the steel and glass structures of today with the brick and stone buildings of fifty years ago, the vision of such a suburbia on stilts as Mr. Fuller gives us is certainly not too improbably fantastic to be taken seriously.

THERE IS NOW on the market, we understand, a cotton chenille rug which can be sent to the laundry without danger of fading. Unlike the old chenille rugs, they come back the same color.

IVY BALLS ARE spheres of clear, lead blown glass with a hole in the top to put the ivy in. They hang by a chain in the window or stand on a circular wooden base. They come in several colors at $1 each.

THE WOOFLE BIRD is not, as you might suppose from its name, an inhabitant of the Paraguayan jungle, but a lamp, 10¼ inches high, with a spreading tail which forms a sort of inverted shade. All in red, yellow and green. More amusing than these amusing things usually are.

The same company that makes this creature turns out an electric replica of the old kerosene lamp with wall brackets and reflector, 11½ inches high, in four color schemes—yellow with green trim, black with red trim, green with yellow trim and red with gold trim.

AT WANAMAKER'S IS a collection of antique tea caddies of mahogany, satinwood and tulip, inlaid with contrasting woods, which would make excellent Christmas gifts for a man. They are in Adam and French designs. Useful for cigarettes, studs or whatever. One very handsome caddy is hexagonal, of beautifully grained dark mahogany, and has two compartments, lined with tin foil.

Another collection in the same store is of rare Eighteenth Century miniature cabinets, commodes and dressers. These look well on top of a highboy or large dresser, and are useful for stationery.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Priest

THE LITTLE town was ugly and unwashed. Not far from the river's edge its two or three streets ran crookedly over naked earth. When night swallowed it, darkness was defied by disconsolate rays from oil lamps. And when the sun shone discerningly down, unashamed little backhouses thumbed their noses at the day.

But the town did not care. Unprosperous and unregenerate, it huddled in the middle of an up-to-date continent and looked suspiciously at all passers by. Until the arrival of the little Father.

He was a small man and a priest; so small that he tipped the scales at considerably less than a hundred pounds—so religious that he had dedicated his life to the robes and calling of the church.

The town greeted him with derision and contempt. Behind his back it watched the slight figure maliciously, ready to pounce. For here was a creature with the build of a child sent by a distant bishop to acquaint the town with its sins. Let him begin, then, for the town was only waiting to enjoy itself.

But the little Father was strangely quiet, and the curiosity of the town was aroused. The little man was looking at something. A strange look. They stared at him searchingly. What was it that made him look like that?

It was a look of intense quietness and light. It was more than that. He was gazing at something that lay all about them. He was admiring something that they could not see. Admiring something—

What? they asked themselves in uneasiness and then in agitation. What the hell was he admiring in that town? The dishevelled town looked over his shoulder.

And it heard him saying, one day to himself. "That street now. It's a beautiful street. It deserves paving."

The town jumped back, startled, and bent its brows upon the street. Stones and mudholes, rubbish and disorder lay before its eyes. But the strange, simple little man continued gazing with his rapt and quiet look. And slowly it came over the mind of the town that the little Father was not looking at the holes and trash. He was looking at a paved street. This street. But orderly, completed.

The town turned away, shrugging its shoulders and rubbing its eyes. But it had seen enough. The picture of the paved street—had come to trouble it.

One morning presently, the town awoke and stared unbelievingly from its many windows. There lay that street; and it was paved. Well, naturally. A street was made and later paved. What else could happen to it? And the town looked with satisfaction upon its remaining streets, for it was beginning to see them as already paved.

As time went on the town gradually became obsessed with the little priest. It was catching from him slowly the ability to see itself as it was to become—as it had been promised to itself. And slowly, week by week the town unfolded.

Following eagerly at the heels of the little Father its streets unrolled themselves like shining ribbons. The shambling backhouses sank helplessly into the ground as the new sewage system was installed. Where there had been no money was now a thriving bank. Gas pipes ran to every house. Business began to prosper. A city hall sprang out of the ground. And the town rested only long enough to write accounts of it all in its first newspaper, which circulated among the old houses and the new houses that were growing up in all directions.

After four years, so breathless had the town become, that when the catastrophe first happened they scarcely understood it. They had grown so used to looking over the shoulder of the little Father, to seeing themselves through his clear and steadfast eyes, that they had come to take his presence for granted. Until suddenly he was no longer there. The distant bishop had withdrawn him. The town was alone.

It slowed up and looked about itself. Did it not belong to the little Father? Its streets and pipes, its bank and newspaper, its happiness and prosperity? How could he be taken from his own? They would not allow it! They would go to the Bishop! They would demand his return!

For this, they shouted, had nothing to do with religion. This man was their life, their hope, their salvation. How could they continue to exist without his perceiving eye?

In a motor truck the town set off on its long journey to find the Bishop's house—to ask him to return, oh! never his man of God, but to give back to them their leading citizen.

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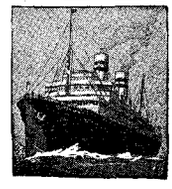

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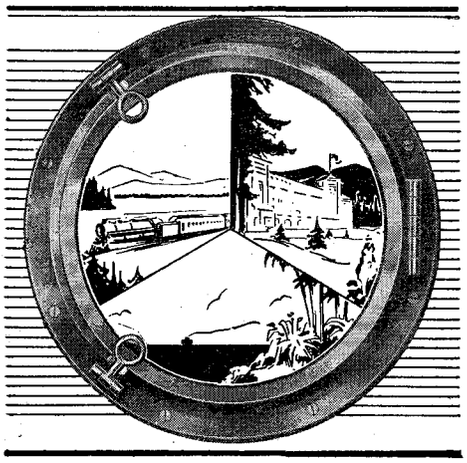
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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Sale, Navy, Sale

(Continued from Page 613)

Sometimes a house is available, sometimes not. Always the rent is more than it should be, more than it would be to civilians, for we are impermanent and therefore unsatisfactory tenants. Too, our need of a place to live is urgent, and landlords in Navy towns know this. A rental of a hundred or more a month is not uncommon, a third of a lieutenant's total salary. In one town in particular we had difficulty finding a place to live at all reasonably. I unwisely complained about it before some of the town's permanent residents. One of the women said, "Why, I don't think that's true at all. I have an apartment house myself in which I rent apartments for thirty dollars a month." "Would you yourself live there?" I asked her. "Why, no, of course not, but that's entirely different," was her retort.

And so it goes every two or three years, a packing-up, a journey to new duty, and a search for a new home. Interesting and educational, but expensive! Every other tour of a young officer is sea duty. Then there must be two establishments maintained, for the husband's home is aboard ship, where he takes up his share of the expenses of the wardroom, while the wife must find a home for herself and the family.

The Government asks its naval officers to do an impossible thing: to make a dollar go as far as it did in 1908.

Since 1908, increases in various governmental services range from 25 per cent for Cabinet officers to 175 per cent for men in foreign consular service. Members of Congress voted themselves a 33 1/3 per cent increase. A naval lieutenant, living in government quarters, receives today exactly the same as in 1908. A bachelor officer, at sea, receives less. A pay bill in 1922, raised slightly the allowances for those in civilian quarters, but in no case has the increase been more than ten per cent. The lowest paid civilian in Navy yards, the man with rating as "laborer," has had, since 1908, an increase in pay of over 100 per cent.

Officers and men are so constrained by service rules that they are helpless as far as agitating for themselves is concerned. A naval lobby is impossible. To quote the regulations again: —"*Combinations of officers for the purpose of influencing legislation, remonstrating against orders, or complaining of details of duty, are forbidden.*" The Navy Department has taken up the question, but is handicapped by total lack of interest in Congress.

Then why do men stay in the Navy? Many do because it is their chosen profession. Just as a boy who definitely feels the desire to practice medicine makes the best doctor, so the lad who dreams of being in military service, makes the best officer. In many cases it is an inherited feeling; four or five generations in the family have been in the service. Few officers find work outside which means anything like as much to them. A letter recently published in the *Army and Navy Register* reads in part as follows: "My life is devoted to the service, and this love is bred in the bone, for my ancestors have been military men. Unless something breaks for the better, my sons shall not follow my footsteps, but will be educated for trade. At least they will then be able to pay their bills."

I should say that twenty-five per cent of those others who stay in the Navy have outside income. Some of them make splendid officers; some do not. It cannot fail to be true that a man to whom advance in rank, and so in pay, means little, will fundamentally make a less desirable officer than a man of the type whose letter is quoted. Yet things are more than equalized, and the general standard lowered, when the officer dependent on his pay becomes worried and harassed by financial questions. Thus, in a supposedly democratic country there exists the very definite possibility that only those with outside income can afford to enter the services.

Today, when an officer resigns, he must give his reasons in detail, not merely that he is resigning to accept a position elsewhere, but why the other job is taking him away from the Navy. Many do resign each year, and over and over the record reads, "Insufficient Pay."

Undoubtedly both the public and Congress are misled in their estimates of service conditions, by the more or less grandiloquent press reports of social affairs amongst us. We appear in the society columns along with those whose yearly hosiery bill our entire salary could not pay. Two tables of bridge, a half dozen tulips, and some cheese sandwiches become "one of the most elaborate bridge parties of the season — profusely decorated — collations served."

We, ourselves, are partly to blame. When a Congressional party or a visiting celebrity arrives, things are made spic-and-span, neither time nor labor is spared, the best of flowers, service, silver and the like, that the entire station affords, is assembled. Undoubtedly we thrust our best foot forward. Better for us if we did not. Rural Con-

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gressmen point out that our salaries are large compared with those of the majority of their constituents. So are our obligations. In cash received we may sound well-paid. But subtract the cost of the uniforms, the traveling, the official and necessary entertaining, and you will find the sum remaining is small; so small that we have been referred to in newspaper editorials as national orphans. This comes dangerously near taking away a man's self-respect in remaining in the Navy, and in destroying the spirit of loyalty that is the back bone of all military service.

We Serve on a Dry Jury

(Continued from Page 608)

technically guilty but actually without sin.

In contrast to the formality of court, the jury room was a pleasant place. We could smoke. We could take off our coats if we chose. Here were no bailiffs to scowl ferociously when we whispered, to rebuke us sternly if we presumed to steal a glance at a newspaper during some involved legal argument conducted in inaudible tones by the Judge and an attorney. There seemed to be no point in rushing back to the over-formal court room upstairs. Juryman No. 4 stretched and grinned.

"Nothing much to this, I guess," he said. "Seems to me we're all agreed."

Juryman No. 3 said: "How about having a little drink?"

There was general laughter over this. We had all sympathized with Pietro when the District Attorney asked him whether red wine would not go well with those cakes. Of course it would. At this point our momentary Eden was shattered by a discordant note. A sardonic looking juror demanded to know whether the rest of us had appreciated the significance of a detail in the evidence which even the prosecutor had missed? No, what was it? It was, he said, the testimony that the bottle of wine was found in the ice-box. Why would it be there if Pietro had not intended to serve it?

"On the contrary," said No. 7, "that is proof that he did *not* intend to serve it. Any one with the faintest sophistication regarding wine knows it should be served at room temperature only."

"Well, then," said the other, "what about the wine in the cellar? The stuff the cops found? That was not on ice; why wasn't he selling that?"

This precipitated a very brisk argument. No. 7 said he would not dream of serving red wine with ice. No. 6 said certain varieties of red wine required ice. No. 3 said that a bottle of wine, once opened, had to be kept in the ice-chest to keep from spoiling. No. 9 pointed out that wine, these days, never had a chance to spoil. The argument was heated, but it seemed to get nowhere at all. The jury was, I should say, about eight to four in favor of a verdict for red wine at room temperature.

"How about taking a ballot on Pietro?" broke in another juror. "Maybe the Judge'll let us go if we report our verdict. I say we take a ballot without further discussion."

It was done, and eleven of us were shocked when it appeared that a viper was among us. One of the ballots read "guilty." No longer were we a friendly dozen men. Every one, it seemed, suspected his neighbor. Juror No. 2 demanded that the guilty one speak up and state his reasons for so voting. The foreman replied that this was not ethical, that he had a right to a secret ballot.

"Hell, let's take another ballot," said Juror No. 12, looking severely around the table. "I venture to say that this time the verdict will be unanimously for acquittal."

It was. We hurried upstairs to return Pietro to the bosom of his family. But the twelve men who had been on that panel never wholly trusted one another again. I suspected No. 8. It was he who had brought up the matter of the wine in the ice-chest, who had raised the technicality of room temperature vs. ice temperature.

Noise Costs More Than Fire

(Continued from Page 611)

posed nervous system and renders communication by voice impossible for some distance about.

All that is necessary to eliminate these really vicious noises entirely is to install ordinary silencers. The mechanical noises are of small moment, since their characteristics are such that they have little carrying power. We have every right to look forward to the day when the excavating for the foundations of a large building in the heart of a business district will be done without noise and without the attending discomfort, confusion, inconvenience and loss it now entails in the neighborhood.

Where it is a gasoline engine that generates the power, the noise again is an exhaust noise. It is usual to provide a primitive muffler on the exhaust pipes of these engines when they are used in the streets. Only the high spots are removed by these primitive mufflers. A tremendous improvement would be wrought by silencing the exhausts completely, which would cost but little more. Even these primitive mufflers add much to the comfort of those who are compelled to work or live near by. The mechanical noises are of small moment a short distance away. There is, therefore, no reason why these machines, which we constantly use in our streets should not be made entirely inoffensive.

In industrial plants we have a wide variety of noises which escape and cause discomfort and loss to the public. Some of them are purely mechanical noises, which in many cases can be very troublesome. These can be kept within the plant usually by keeping windows and doors closed and providing ventilation by some other means. The principal offenders among industrial plant noises are those which come from a pipe which connects with a machine which either discharges or sucks. Diesel engines, air compressors, vacuum pumps, blowers, fans, air reliefs, steam reliefs, safety valves and boiler blow downs are typical. Where these are led to the open air the public encounters them, and if they occur in a residential, or even a business district, they can be extremely offensive and cause all manner of incalculable losses. Silencers are available for every one of these noises,

(Continued on the Next Page)

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By

Edwin Franden Dakin

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Religion's Voice

(Continued from Page 631)

tive . . . is . . . an illusion. In the primitive Church no one system of Church order prevailed." This book in the light of certain very recent events in the effort toward Church unity is decidedly timely. But if the churches do not unite and if Christian missionaries cannot win over the adherents of other religions, then the problem arises of the basis on which the various faiths are to live together in a common world. Daniel J. Fleming of Union Theological Seminary, in *Ways of Sharing with Other Faiths* (Association Press), writes of the problems presented by the efforts of the various religions to convert one another. Out of a rich experience on the foreign mission field and many years of hard study of the problems presented he points out by "chapter and verse" illustrations the kinds of attempts being made by adherents of one faith to win over the adherents of another. These range all the way from merely going one's way, trusting that the life itself will speak, to the use of armed might and political pressure. In evaluating these various methods Professor Fleming turns to the sound ethical principle of reverence for personality. It is this which must be the guide. Had this principle always been respected there would be a better feeling between the adherents of the various great faiths of the world. Professor Fleming's book deserves the most careful study by those who direct the missionary strategy of all missionary religions. It might well be required as a text book for the mission boards of our churches.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

Andrea del Sarto's Holy Family

We began this article by reference to the perplexity and confusion in modern thought about things religious—we will end by pointing out two more books which will help the earnest thinker in these fields. The first is *Religion and the Modern Mind,* edited by Charles C. Cooper (Harper). This is a compilation of addresses given before the "Hungry Club" in Pittsburgh. Here is a source book showing how such men as Edward S. Ames, John L. Elliott, Bishop McConnell, Harry Elmer Barnes and several others look at religion in our modern world. Written from varied points of view they are helpful in focussing some of the problems of present day religion. Another book which has much the same aim is *Whither Christianity?* edited by Harold Hough (Harper). This is a collection of addresses by some of the great preachers of our day. They deal with the fundamental issues. Here also is a source book which should be read by those who assume that the ministry is not alive to the problems of this generation. In fact all of the volumes above mentioned will be of help to sincere men and women who are inquiring what o'clock it is in religion.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Noise Costs More Than Fire

(Continued from Page 637)

from the smallest to the largest, and there is absolutely no need for them to continue. Again, it is a matter for concerted public action. They probably are unlawful in many places today. The law can be enforced, if there is a law, and laws may be passed if there are none.

The writer could cite many cases where neighborhoods have accepted perfectly awful noise nuisances because it was thought there was no way to avoid them. The shipping industry is an example of the way the operator will disregard a few dollars if it will eliminate noise. Ships and work boats equipped with Diesel or gasoline power have the exhaust to consider, the same as is the case ashore. One ship owner discovered he was experiencing high engine repair expenses on a ship commanded by his best captain. Investigation disclosed the fact that the noise of the muffled exhaust blanketed the sound of fog whistles and horns and bells. In order to be sure of his position this captain made it a practice to shut down the engines in order to listen for signals. This required frequent re-starting, and it was this stopping and starting that ran up the maintenance costs. Silencers fitted to the ship engines entirely eliminated the noise and the captain was able to exercise careful navigation practice without having to stop his engines.

There are many noises which require only concerted action on the part of the public to be made to disappear. It is more than probable that in many of our cities there already exist ordinances which empower the police to treat an offensive noise as they would treat any public nuisance. It requires in such instances only that public interest be aroused to enable the police to take the necessary steps. In those cities where ordinances do not exist public interest will force the adoption of such ordinances.

When it comes to those noises which may only be controlled by undertaking great expenditures, or where it would be necessary to alter existing systems, as is the case with the riveting hammer, we have evidently a long period ahead of us where continued pressure will have to be exerted by the public.

Storm and Stress

(Continued from Page 625)

students—students who were turned away from our college because of their unworthiness and immorality. Today I sent for one of the students whom my husband has helped liberally, and given money, not knowing how unworthy he was. I wished him to come, that I might prove to him how, by metaphysics, I could show the cause of my husband's death. He was as pale as a ghost when he came to the door, and refused to enter, or to believe that I knew what caused his death. Within half an hour after he left, I felt the same attack that my husband felt—the same that caused his death. I instantly gave myself the same treatment that I would use in a case of arsenical poisoning, and so I recovered, just the same as I could have caused my husband to recover had I taken the case in time. After a certain amount of mesmeric

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poison has been administered it cannot be averted. No power of mind can resist it . . . . Only a few days ago I disposed of a tumor in twenty-four hours that the doctor had said must be removed by the knife. I changed the course of the mind to counteract the effect of the disease. This proves the myth of matter . . . . I do believe in God's supremacy over error and this gives me peace. I do believe and have been told, that there is a price set upon my head. One of my students, a malpractitioner, has been heard to say that he would follow us to the grave. He has already reached my husband. While my husband and I were in Washington and Philadelphia last winter, we were obliged to guard against poison, the same symptoms apparent at my husband's death, constantly attending us. And yet the one who was planning the evil against us was in Boston the whole time. Today a lady, active in forwarding the good of our college, told me that she had been troubled almost constantly with arsenical poison symptoms, and is now treating them constantly as I directed her. Three days ago one of my patients died, and the doctor said he died from arsenic, and yet there were no material symptoms of poison."

"It should be remembered," says Miss Wilbur in the Authorized Life, p. 280, "that this happened in the early days of Christian Science practice and at a time when Mrs. Eddy was just awakening to the pernicious mental influence of hate."

Of this period of Mrs. Eddy's life, alienists and psycho-analysts, and all manner of theorists have their say. The implications are plain even to the layman's eye. To all the explanations offered, this biographer has but a single suggestion to add. The years in which the obsession of evil, and the delusion of persecution (for obsession and delusion they certainly were) fastened themselves upon Mrs. Eddy's mind, and became imbedded in the doctrine of her church, comprised the "climacteric period" of her physical life—a period known as the dangerous age to all women, and doubly so to a woman already neurotic and unstable of temperament and health, as Mrs. Eddy was. And although the delusions did not leave her in her later life, (proving often as convenient as they were painful), it is to be noted here that it was not until she had reached her early sixties that Mrs. Eddy cohered her forces, gathered about her a powerful organization, and built her church.

Mrs. Eddy now summoned her supporters to confer upon what should be done. In Cincinnati, Arthur Buswell had received her telegram on the day of Mr. Eddy's death. "Come to 569 Columbus Avenue immediately." He had promptly given up his position and arrived at the Columbus Avenue house in Boston in time for the funeral.

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MARY BAKER EDDY

From a photograph taken during her early years in Boston

He found Mrs. Eddy surrounded by her faithful women, but driving her pen with ruthless energy against her grief and fear, crying out that this was the end, that the demons had triumphed, and that she herself must presently succumb to the enemy. "The light of truth was to be put out and the world would begin again its dreary vigil of centuries."

So near was Mrs. Eddy to the breaking point that Arthur Buswell counselled a change of scene and rest. He offered to take her to his old family home at Barton in the mountains of Vermont. This arrangement was carried out, and Mrs. Eddy, taking with her a young girl, Alice Sibley as companion, and accompanied by Arthur Buswell, left Boston for Vermont where she spent the remainder of the summer in the Buswell family home from where she wrote her cherished young friend, Clara Choate that, "I have never found a kindlier people. I am situated as pleasantly as I can be in the absence of the one true heart that has been so much to me. O, darling, I never shall master this point of missing him, all the time, but I can try, and am trying as I must—to sever all the cords that bind me to person or things material."

Mr. Buswell recounts the story of Mrs. Eddy's trip to Vermont and of her condition after their arrival. She was, he said, in a highly nervous state, often bordering upon hysteria, and night after night he was called from his sleep to treat her for acute attacks. "But, however ill she might have been the night before, each day found her planning for the future of her church and college, arranging for lectures to be given by students, looking about for new practitioners, and tirelessly devising means to extend the movement." As Mrs. Longyear graphically puts it, "After a night of agony, she would emerge from her struggle with a radiant face and luminous eyes, and they would hesitate to speak to her for fear of disturbing the peace which enveloped her."

She spent her nights fighting the Devil, and sang praises to God all day. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

By the middle of July she was giving a public lecture in Barton, and writing to Clara Choate, "Hold the Fort, for I am coming. Be wise as a serpent and harmless as the doves that are cooing over my window. I hope my forty days in the wilderness are about over." She does not forget to send "love to darling Warren, give him a kiss."

She returned to Boston early in October, and a letter written to an absent student after a few weeks of intense activity ends upon this triumphant note. "The ship of Science is again mounting the waves, rising above the billows, bidding defiance to the floodgates of error, for God is at the helm."

(To Be Continued)

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With Our Readers

Dr. Barnes on the Spirit of Pittsburgh

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Professor Howes's article on the Pittsburgh situation seemed to me to be admirable and I have written an editorial on it for the Scripps-Howard papers. It gained by the absence of heat and animus. Its urbanity made it the more withering. I think that he is right in holding Dr. Bowman to be a man of the best intentions.

As for my part in the fracas, that was the best joke of my career. The University authorities thought they were merely going to have a little family party and step on a few students. I was only invited to speak a couple of hours before the meeting was scheduled. It so happened that I was lecturing before the big Pittsburgh luncheon forum that noon. I am perfectly sure that if Dr. Bowman had known that I was going to speak he would never have allowed the meeting to be interfered with. The authorities would have taken no chances on the nation-wide publicity which was bound to result in such a case. The Dean of Men did learn that I was to speak but he confessed to the boys that he had never heard of me. Hence, he did not see any danger in booting me off the campus.

Please let me congratulate you on the great improvement in the character of the Outlook.

HARRY E. BARNES

Love in the Subway

New York City

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Please publish the following in your column "With Our Readers."

Look Out!

It was about four weeks ago, I think on the 23rd of October, when I met her at 5:30.

From Bowling green to East 14th Street in the Lexington Avenue Express we got acquainted, her shoulders and my shoulders were talking without words. She wore a brown coat and skirt, a French hat looking like a turban and leaving her forehead free, she had a brown hand-tooled leather pocket book and "not to forget, the Outlook."

Dear editor, you have to thank this lady that I buy your paper since then every week and enjoy it a lot.

Is it too much if I ask you to be on the look-out that I find this girl again! That I waited many nights around half past five at East 14th Street subway station you can easily imagine.

During the two years that I am in U. S. A. I was never before so fascinated by a girl than this. Let me tell you some more details. When my neighbour in the subway car asked me if the train was going to Cortlandt street, I asked her (although I knew the answer) then her dark eyes said everything, but Fortune was not with me, she left at East 14th Street and I had to go further uptown for a business appointment. Before she left, she turned around, but I could not follow, all that was left was her wonderful perfume.

My dear unknown subway acquaintance, I hope you are a steady reader of this paper and read these lines; if you want to see me again, please write a few lines to the editor, who will then forward them to me.

HANS MAYER

EDITOR'S NOTE—Can any charming lady help Mr. Mayer?

Brief But to the Point

Corsicana, Te:

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The comments of some of your critics recall Dr. Holmes's saying: "The wind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye,—the more light you pour on it, the more it contracts."

Congratulations on the work you are doing.

EDWIN G. BROWN

Athletes and Alumni

Canton, Ohio

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I wonder whether Mr. Tunis in writing of "Dear Old Mazuma" in your last issue really intended to convey the impression which his article actually did convey. I think one could fairly infer from it that the colleges, as such, actually maintain "slush funds" for the purpose of subsidizing athletes, especially football players. This was not the impression I got from the report of the Carnegie Foundation.

Certainly colleges, as such, rarely, if ever, do this. It may be and doubtless very frequently is done by alumni and graduate associations but how does Mr. Tunis suggest that the colleges should proceed in order to cause a discontinuance of this practice, unless by the entire abolition of intercollegiate football? I know of no way whereby the colleges can discipline their alumni or prevent them from subsidizing players if they are determined to do so. Certainly the overzealous alumni could and very probably would find a way to evade any restrictions which the college might impose. It is laudable to send a deserving young man through college and if an alumnus elects to do this, who is to prove that it has not been done in a spirit of pure philanthropy, simply because the young man chances to "make the team?"

Personally I am heartily opposed to the commercialization of collegiate athletics and take pride in the fact that my own alma mater and her alumni have offended little if at all in this direction. At the same time I see the formidable obstacles which confront the colleges in correcting this abuse and can hardly agree with Mr. Tunis that its existence is a proof of the intellectual dishonesty of American colleges.

W. J. OBY

Telling on the Host

Independence, Kansa

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have noticed with amusement you strutting over your fairness and at the same time the rather evident bias which you allow to creep into your editorial and staff correspondence from Washington whenever the Anti-Saloon League or Dr. Clarence True Wilson or the Methodist Board of Temperance and Morals is involved in any question.

Your editorial "Telling on his Host" page 454 of your issue of November 20th is an entirely different treatment of the same subject matter than your editorial on Jay N. House and his correspondence with the Superintendent of the Anti Saloon League in Kansas, published several weeks ago.

If anything, it would seem to me the offense of Mr. House was more flagrant in that he was the guest of private

(Please Turn to Page 679)

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